



THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

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THE
NEW ENGLISH DRAMA,

WITH

PREFATORY REMARKS,

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, AND NOTES,

Critical and Explanatory ;

*Being the only Edition existing which is faithfully marked
with the*

STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS PERFORMED

At the Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, COMEDIAN.

From the Last London Edition.

VOLUME TEN.

CONTAINING

KING HENRY IV.—SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.
QUAKER.

BOSTON :

WELLS AND LILLY—COURT-STREET.

1824.



Oxberry's Edition.

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

A TRAGEDY ;

By William Shakspeare.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

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Remarks.

HENRY THE FOURTH—PART I.

NONE of SHAKSPEARE'S plays have been more popular in the closet than the two parts of Henry the Fourth, but on the stage they have not been followed with equal interest. The brilliant character of *Falstaff* is almost too ideal for representation; and though the plot involves the fate of kingdoms, it has none of those strong appeals to human passions which constitute the very essence of tragedy; it indeed acquires interest from the multitude of its events, and the exquisite propriety of its characters, but neither the heart nor the imagination is powerfully affected.

For the characters, separately considered, no praise can be too great; *Falstaff* always has been, and always must be, a phenomenon, without a parallel; the brightest scenes of Cervantes and Moliere shrink to nothing in comparison with Shakspeare's fat knight, who wins over the spectator as easily as he won the *Prince*. It is, indeed, the triumph of wit and pleasure over every circumstance that can be opposed to them. *Falstaff* has not a single moral quality to command either love or respect;—a debauchee, without the excuse of a youth; a coward, a liar, a cheat, a bully, and a spendthrift; he is still a general favourite by the sole

force of his humour; a humour that has not even been approached by the brightest talents of any age, or any country. His wit is so unforced, and sits so naturally upon him; he never goes out of his way for a jest, like the wits of Moliere and Congreve; and, what is still more to the purpose, his humour has a distinct and appropriate character; whereas, in the most popular comedies of France and England, there is but one sort of wit common to all the dramatis personæ. Thus, to take the most familiar instance, in the "School for Scandal," all the ladies and gentlemen kill characters precisely in the same fashion.

To what Dr. Johnson has said of the *Prince*, nothing can be added; he has characterized him with uncommon felicity of thought and language; and we cannot do better than quote his criticism:—

"The *Prince*, who is the hero both of the comic and tragic part, is a young man of great abilities, and violent passions, whose sentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whose virtues are obscured by negligence, and whose understanding is dissipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather loose than wicked; and when the occasion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trifler is wound into a hero, and the hero again expires in the trifler. The character is great, original, and just."

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is two hours and nineteen minutes.

Costume.

KING HENRY.—Crimson velvet robe, purple velvet doublet, and trunks.

PRINCE OF WALES.—First Dress.—Brown Tunic Pantaloons and boots.—Second.—White old English dress, richly embroidered with silver.—Third.—Suit of armour.

PRINCE JOHN.—Light blue old English dress.

DOUGLAS.—Scotch dress, Tartan plaid, kelt, hose, bonnet and breast-plate.

WORCESTER.—Black velvet old English dress.

SIR WILLIAM BLOUNT.—Scarlet, *ibid.*

HOTSPUR.—Buff, *ibid.*

VERNON.—Blue, *ibid.*

FALSTAFF.—Scarlet and buff, *ibid.*

WESTMORELAND.—Crimson, *ibid.*

NORTHUMBERLAND.—Green, *ibid.*

POINS.—Slate coloured, *ibid.*

FRANCIS.—Green and yellow, *ibid.*

GADSHILL.—Brown, *ibid.*

PETO.—Blue, *ibid.*

BARDOLPH.—Black, *ibid.*, trimmed with scarlet.

TRAVELLERS.—Various coloured, *ibid.*

CARRIERS.—Brown old English smocks.

SHERIFFS.—Scarlet gowns.

Scotch and English soldiers, in dresses of the different countries.

LADY PERCY.—White satin dress. trimmed with point and bead.

MRS. QUICKLY.—Red stuff petticoat, trimmed with point, black stuff gown, trimmed with point, high crowned hat, trimmed red.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>King Henry</i>	Mr. Bengough.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Prince of Wales</i>	Mr. Penley.	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Prince John</i>	Miss Carr.	Mr. J. Matthews.
<i>Westmoreland</i>	Mr. Marshall.	Mr. Conner.
<i>Douglas</i>	Mr. Ley.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Worcester</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Northumberland</i>	Mr. Carr.	Mr. B. Thornton.
<i>Hotspur</i>	Mr. Kean.	Mr. Macready.
<i>Blount</i>	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Comer.
<i>Vernon</i>	Mr. Hamblin.	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Sir John Falstaff</i>	Mr. S. Kemble.	Mr. Yates.
<i>Sheriff</i>	Mr. Elsworth.	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Poins</i>	Mr. Cowell.	Mr. Farley.
<i>Bardolph</i>	Mr. Cooke.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Carriers</i>	{ Mr. Oxberry.	{ Mr. Faucit.
	{ Mr. Wewitzer,	{ Mr. Treby.
<i>Francis</i>	Mr. Knight.	Mr. Simmons.
<i>Lady Percy</i>	Mrs. Robinson.	Miss Foote.
<i>Mrs. Quickly</i>	Mrs. Sparks.	Mrs. Davenport.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.	is meant	Right Hand.
L.H.			Left Hand.
S.E.			Second Entrance.
U.E.			Upper Entrance.
M.D.			Middle Door.
D.F.			Door in Flat.
R.H.D.			Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.			Left Hand Door.

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Palace in London.*

(Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.)

KING HENRY, PRINCE JOHN of LANCASTER, EARL of WESTMORELAND, SIR RICHARD VERNON, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and other Gentlemen, discovered.

Two Gentlemen.

Two Gentlemen.

State Chair.

THE KING.

P. John.

Sir R. Vernon.

Sir W. Blunt.

Westmoreland.

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,

Find we a time for frightened peace to pant.

Therefore, friends,

Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
To chase these pagans from the holy fields.

Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience.(1)

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits(2) of the charge set down
 But yesternight : when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news ;
 Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butchered.

K. Hen. It seems then, that the tidings of this
 Brake off our business for the Holy land. [broil

West. This, match'd with other, did my gra-
 cious lord ;

For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did import.
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy, (3) and brave Archibald,(4)
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met,
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;

(1) Expedition.

(2) Outlines, rough sketches, or calculations.

(3) Harry Percy was surnamed, for his *often pricking*,
Henry Hotspur, as one that seldom times rested, if there
 were anie service to be done abroad.—*Holinshed's History*
of Scotland.

(4) Archibald Douglas, Earl Douglas

For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear, a true-industrious
friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome
news.

The Earl of Douglas is discomfited [took
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earls
Of Athol, Murray, Angus, and Menteith,
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and
mak'st me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so bless'd a son,
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts:—what think
you, coz',

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,(1)

(1) Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the Earl of Fife, he being a prince of the blood-royal, (son to the Duke of Albany, brother to King Robert the

Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,

Malevolent to you in all aspects. (1) [this;

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer
And, for this cause, a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Cousin, on Wednesday next, our council we
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered. (2)

(Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.)

[*Exeunt King Henry, Prince John, Sir R. Vernon,
Sir W. Blunt, Gentlemen, R. H. and Earl
of Westmoreland, L.H.*

Third,) Henry might justly claim him by his acknowledged military prerogative. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly for himself, either to acquit or ransom at his pleasure.

(1) An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented as a malignant star, that influenced the conduct of Hotspur.

(2) That is, "More is to be said, than anger will suffer me to say: more than can issue from a mind disturbed like mine."

SCENE II.—*An Apartment belonging to the Prince of Wales.*

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, L.H. *and* SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, R.H.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know. (1) What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds; I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus—he, *that wand'ring knight so fair.* (2) And, I pray thee, sweet wag,

(1) Johnson says, “the Prince’s objection to the question seems to be, that Falstaff had asked in the *night*, what was the time of the *day*. This cannot be well received as the objection of the Prince; for, presently after, the Prince himself says, “Good morrow Ned;” and Poinc replies, “Good morrow, sweet Hal.” The truth may be, that when Shakspeare makes the Prince wish Poinc a good morrow, he had forgot that the scene commenced at night.

(2) Falstaff starts the idea of *Phœbus*, *i. e.* the sun; but deviates into an allusion to *El Donzel del Febo*, (the Knight of the Sun,) in a Spanish romance, translated under the title of “The Mirror of Knighthood,” &c. during

when thou art king,—as, heaven save thy grace, (majesty, I should say ; for grace thou wilt have none.)——

P. Hen. What ! none ?

Fal. No, by my troth ; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then ? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty ; (1) let us be—Diana's foresters, (2) gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon : and let men say, we be men of good government ; being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress, the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

the age of Shakspeare. This illustrious personage was "most excellently *faire*," and a great *wanderer* as those who travel after him throughout three thick volumes in 4to. will discover. Perhaps the words "that wandering knight so fair," are part of some forgotten ballad on the subject of this marvellous hero's adventures.

(1) I believe our poet, by the expression, *thieves of the day's beauty*, meant only, *let not us who are body squires to the night, i. e. adorn the night, be called a disgrace to the day*. To take away the beauty of the day, may probably mean, to disgrace it. A *squire of the body* signified originally, the attendant on a knight ; the person who bore his head-piece, spear, and shield. It became afterwards the cant term for a *pimp* ; and is so used in the second part of Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1630. Again, in *The Witty Fair One*, 1633, for a *procuress* ; "Here comes the *squire* of her mistress's *body*."

(2) We learn from Hall, that certain persons who appeared as *foresters*, in a pageant exhibited in the reign of King Henry the Eighth, were called *Diana's Knights*.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too; for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; (1) and spent with crying—bring in: (2) now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder: and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance? (3)

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddites? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

(1) *To lay by*, is a phrase adopted from navigation, and signifies, by slackening sail, to become stationary. It occurs again in King Henry the Eighth: "Even the billows of the sea hung their heads, and then lay by."

(2) *i. e.* more wine.

(3) To understand the propriety of the Prince's answer, it must be remarked, that the Sheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff. So that, when Falstaff asks, whether *his hostess is not a sweet wench*, the Prince asks, in return, whether it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison, by running in debt to this sweet wench. *Durance*, might also have signified some lasting kind of stuff, such as we call at present *everlasting*.

P. Hen. Why, what a plague have I to do with my hostess of the tavern.

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch: and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent.—But I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, (1) or a lugged bear.

(1) Sherwood's *English Dictionary*, at the end of Cotgrave's *French* one, says, *Gibbe* is an *old he cat*." Aged

P. Hen. Or an old lion ; or a lover's lute.(1)

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.(2)

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare,(3) or the melancholy of Moor-ditch ? (4)

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similies ; and art, indeed, the most comparative,(5) rascalliest,—sweet young prince,—but, Hal, I pr'y-thee trouble me no more with vanity. I would to heaven thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought : an old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir ; but I marked him not ;

animals are not so playful as those which are young ; and *glib'd*, or gelded ones, are duller than others. So we might read, “ as melancholy as a *gib cat*, or a *glib'd cat*.”

(1) *Love* songs, in our author's time, were generally sung to the music of the lute.

(2) I suspect, that by the *drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe*, is meant the *dull croak of a frog*, one of the native musicians of that waterish county. In the neighbourhood of Boston, in Lincolnshire, the noisy frogs are still humourously denominated “ the Boston *wails*.” In *The pleasaunt and stately Moral of Three Lordes and Three Ladies of London*, 1590, 4to. bl. I. there is mention of “ The sweete ballade of the Lincolnshire bagpipes.”

(3) A *hare* may be considered as melancholy, because she is, upon her form, always solitary ; and according to the physic of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy.

(4) *The melancholy of Moor-ditch*. It appears from Stowe's *Survey*, that a broad ditch, called Deep-ditch, formerly parted the Hospital from Moorfields ; and what has a more melancholy appearance than stagnant water ?

(5) *Comparative* here means *quick at comparisons*, or *fruitful in similes*, and is properly introduced.

and yet he talked very wisely ; but I regarded him not : and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well ; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration ;(1) and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—Heaven forgive thee for it ! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing ; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over ; by the lord, an I do not I am a villain ; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack ?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one ; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee ; from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal ; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter POINS, L.H.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

(1) *Citation* ; or, *recitation*. So, in Marlow's *Doctor Faustus*, 1631.

“ Here, take this book, and peruse it well,
The *iterating* of these lines brings gold.”

From the context, *iterating* here appears to mean *pronouncing*, *reciting*. Again, in Camden's *Remaines*, 1614, “ King Edward the First, liking the *iteration* of FITZ,” &c.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse? (*Crosses to centre.*) What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow-morning, by four o'clock, early at Gad's Hill—There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to night in Rochester; I have bespoken supper in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one.

(*Crosses to centre.*)

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee; nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.(1)

P. Hen. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

(1) A *real*, or *royal*, was of the value of ten shilings.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting; that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed; that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallown summer! (1) [*Exit Falstaff*, L.H.]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself, and I, will not

(1) *All-hallows*, is *All-hallown-tide*; or, *All Saints Day*, which is the first of November. We have still several churches in London, which are absurdly styled St. All-hallows, as if a word, which was formed to express the community of saints, could be appropriated to any particular one of the number. In the play of *The Four P's*, 1569, this mistake (which might have been a common one,) is pleasantly exposed:

“*Pard.* Friends, here you shall see, even anone,
Of *All-hallows* the blessed jaw-bone,
Kiss it hardly, with good devotion,” &c.

The characters in this scene are striving who should produce the greatest falsehood; and, very probably, in their attempts to excel each other, have out-lied even the Romish Kalendar. Shakspeare's allusion is designed to ridicule an old man with youthful passions. So, in the second part of this play, “the *Martlemas*, your master.”

be there : and, when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth ?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before, or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail ; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves : which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut ! our horses they shall not see ; I'll tie them in the wood ; our visors we will change, after we leave them ; and I have cases of buckram, for the nonce, (1) to inmask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back ; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees

(1) *For the nonce*—This is sometimes written *for the nones*, and it always means *for the once*, for the present purpose, for the immediate subject of question. The progress of the word may be thus traced : *a ones, an anes, for the ones, for the nanes, for the nones, for the nonce.*

“ Would you live free from all diseases ?

Do the act your mistress pleases.

Yet fright all aches from your bones

Here's a med'cine for the *nones*.”

Fox, a. 2. s. 1.

reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper; how, thirty, at least he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof (1) of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me in Eastcheap: farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [Exit, L.H.]

P. Hen. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world;
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes; (2)
And like bright metal on a sullen (3) ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more
eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

(1) Confutation.

(2) Expectations.

(3) Dull.

I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ;
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will.
 [Exit, L.H.]

SCENE III.—*The Council Chamber.*

(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

KING HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, EARL of WESTMORE-
 LAND, EARL of WORCESTER, EARL of NORTHUM-
 BERLAND, HOTSPUR, SIR W. BLUNT, SIR R. VER-
 NON, and other GENTLEMEN, discovered.

Throne.

Four Gents.

KING.

Four Gents.

P. John.

Westmoreland.

Northumberland.

Sir W. Blunt.

Hotspur.

Worcester.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and
 temperate,

Unapt to stir at these indignities,
 And you have found me ; for, accordingly,
 You tread upon my patience : but, be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition, (1)
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young
 down :

And therefore lost that title of respect,

(1) *Condition* is very frequently used by the old writers,
 for *temper of mind* ; and in this sense the vulgar still say, a
 good, or ill-conditioned man.

Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the
proud. [deserves

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little
The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
And that same greatness too, which our own
Have help to make so portly. [hands

North. My lord,——

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone ; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye :

O, sir,

Your presence is too bold and peremptory ;
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier (1) of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us : (2) when we
need

Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

[*Exit Worcester, L.H.*

You were about to speak. (*Turning to North.*)

North. Yea, my good lord. [manded,

Those prisoners in your highness' name de-
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied,
As is deliver'd to your majesty.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home :

(1) *Frontier* was antiently used for forehead.

(2) Our ready assent.

He was perfumed like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, (1) which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again ;
And still he smil'd, and talk'd :
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief, (2) and my impatience,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay, (3)
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ; [mad,
He should, or he should not ; for he made me
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk, so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds,—(heaven save
the mark !)—
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,

(1) A small box, for musk or other perfumes, then in fashion ; the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name ; from *poinsoner*, to prick, pierce, or engrave.

(2) Pain.

(3) A parrot.

He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said :
 And, I beseech you, let not his report
 Come current for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my
 Whatever Harry Percy then had said, [lord,
 To such a person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
 May reasonably die, and never rise
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners ;
 But with proviso, and exception,— [straight
 That we, at our own charge, shall ransom
 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ;
 Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 The lives of those that he did lead to fight
 Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower :
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
 Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
 Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home ?
 Shall we buy treason ? and indent with fears,
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves ?
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve ;
 For I shall never hold that man my friend,
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer !

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
 But by the chance of war :—to prove that true,
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those
 wounds,

Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment (1) with great Glendower :
Three times they breath'd, and three times did
they drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp (2) head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly :
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt .

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou
dost belie him,

He never did encounter with Glendower ;
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not ashamed ? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.--My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son :—

(1) An obsolete word, signifying hardiness, bravery, stoutness. Spencer is frequent in his use of it.

(2) Curled.

Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

[*Exeunt all but Northumberland and Hotspur, L.H.*

Hot. And, if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them :—I will after straight,
And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

North. What, drunk with choler ? stay, and
pause awhile ;
Here comes your uncle.

Enter WORCESTER, L.H.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer ?

Yes, I will speak of him ; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him :

Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

North. Brother, the king hath made your
nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone ?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners :
And, when I urg'd the ransome once again

(*Crosses to Centre.*)

Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale ;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death, (1)

(1) That is, an eye menacing death. Hotspur seems to describe the king as trembling with rage rather than fear.

Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him : was he not proclaim'd,

By Richard that dead is, the next of blood ?

North. He was ; I heard the proclamation :
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us heaven pardon !) did set
Upon his Irish expedition ; [forth
From whence he, intercepted, did return,
To be depos'd, and, shortly, murdered.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you : did King Richard
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer [then
Heir to the crown ?

North. He did ; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall't, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,
(As both of you, heaven pardon it ! have done,)
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, (1) Boling-
broke ?

And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent ?
No ; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again :

(1) The canker-rose is the dog-rose, the flower of the Cynosbaton. So in *Much Ado about Nothing* :—"I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace."

Revenge the jeering and disdain'd (1) contempt
Of this proud king ; who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths :
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more :
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous ;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear. (2)

Hot. If he fall in, good night :—or sink, or
swim :—

Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple :—O ! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy
leap, [moon ;
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks ;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, (3) all her dignities :—

(1) Disdainful.

(2) That is, of a spear laid across.

(3) A rival.

But out upon this half-fac'd followship ! (1)

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures (2)
here,

But not the form of what he should attend.—

Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry your mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all :

By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them ;

No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :

I'll keep them, by this hand. (*Crosses to Centre.*)

Wor. You start away,

And lend no ear unto my purposes :

Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will ; that's flat :—

He said, he would not ransom Mortimer ;

Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ;

But I will find him when he lies asleep,

And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer !—Nay,

(1) The allusion must be to the coins of Philip and Mary, where two faces were in part exhibited. This squaring our author's comparisons, and making them correspond precisely on every side, is in my apprehension the source of endless mistakes. *Fellowship* relates to Hotspur's "cor-rival," and himself, and I think, to nothing more. I find the epithet here applied to it, in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593 :—

"—— with all other ends of your *half faced* English." Again, in "*Histriomastix*," 1610 :—

"Whilst I behold yon *half-fac'd* minion,——."

(2) *Figure*, is here used equivocally. As it is applied to Hotspur's speech, it is a rhetorical mode ; as opposed to form, it means appearance or shape.

I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

(Crosses to R.H.)

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient
fool

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and
scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.—
In Richard's time,—(Crosses to centre.)—What
do you call the place?—

A plague upon't!—it is in Glostershire;
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;
His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke;—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley Castle.

Hot. You say true:—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age,*—
And,—*gentle Harry Percy,*—and, *kind cousin,*—
O, the devil take such cozeners!—

(Crosses to L.H.)—

Heaven forgive me!—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.—

Deliver them up without their ransome straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland ; which, (for divers
reasons

Which I shall send you written,) be assur'd,
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—

(*To North.*)

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,—
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop—

Hot. Of York, is't not ?

Wor. True ; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation, (1)
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down :
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. (*Crosses to centre.*) I smell it : upon my
life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's a-foot, thou still
let's slip. (2) [plot :—

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
'To join with Mortimer, ha ?

Wor. And so they shall.

(1) Conjecture.

(2) *To let slip*, is to loose the greyhound.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head : (1)
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt ;
And think, we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see, already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does ; we'll be reveng'd on
him. [this,

Wor. Cousin, (2) farewell :—no further go in
Than I by letters shall direct your course.

North. Farewell, good brother ; we shall
thrive I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu :—O, let the hours be
short, [sport !
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our
[*Exeunt ; North. and Hot. R.H. Wor. L.H.*

(1) A *head* is a body of forces.

(2) This was a common address in our author's time to nephews, nieces, and grand children. See *Holinshed's Chronicle*. *passim*. Hotspur was Worcester's nephew.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Inn Yard at Rochester.*

Enter a CARRIER, with a lantern in his hand,
L.H.U.E.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! A'n't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain (1) is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. (Within, L.H.) Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's (2) saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess. (3)

Enter another CARRIER, with a lantern in his hand,
L.H.U.E.

2 *Car.* Peas and beans are as dank (4) here

(1) *Charles'-wain* is the vulgar name given to the constellation called the Bear. It is a corruption of the *Chorles* or *Churls* wain.—(Sax. *ceorl*, a countryman.) *Chorl* is frequently used for a countryman in old books. "Here begynneth the *Chorle* and the byrde," printed for Wynkin de Worde. See also the Glossaries of Skinner and Junius, *v. Churl*.

(2) *Cut* is the name of a horse in *The Witches of Lancashire*, 1634, and, I suppose; was a common one.

(3) i. e.—*out of all measure*: the phrase being taken from a *cess*, tax or subsidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of measure, it was said to be *out of all cess*.

(4) Wet, rotten.

as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots : (1) this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow ! never joyed since the price of oats rose : it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas : I am stung like a tench. (2)

1 *Car.* Like a tench ? by the mass there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.—What, ostler ! come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes, (3) of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

(1) “The *bottes* is an yll disease, and they lye in a horse mawe ; and they be an inch long, white coloured, and a reed heed, and as moche as a fyngers ende ; and they be quycke and stycke faste in the mawe syde : it apperethe by stampynge of the horse or tomblynge ; and in the beginninge there is remedy ynoughe ; and if they be not cured betyme, they will eate thorough his mawe and kyll him.”—*Fitzherbert's Book of Husbandry.*

(2) It appears, from the following passage in Philemon Holland's translation of Plynny's *Natural History*, Book IX, ch. 47. that anciently fishes were supposed to be infested by *fleas* : “In summer, what is there not bred within the sea ? Even the verie *fleas* that skip so merrily in summer time within victualling houses and innes, and bite so shrowdly : as also lice that love best to live close under the haire of our heads, are there engendred and to be found : for many a time the fishers twitch up their hooks, and see a number of these skippers and creepers settled thick about their baits which they laid for fishes. And this vermin is thought to trouble the poore fishes in their sleep by night within the sea, as well as us on land.”

(3) As our author in several passages mentions a *race*

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starved. (1)—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? A'n't were not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged: hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL, L.H.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think, it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

(*Crossing to 2 Car.*)

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth'a?—marry, I'll see the hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll

of ginger, I thought proper to distinguish it from the *raze* mentioned here. The former signifies no more than a single root of it; but a *raze* is the Indian term for a *bale* of it.

(1) Here is a slight anachronism. Turkies were not brought into England till the time of King Henry the Eighth.

call up the gentlemen; they'll along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt*; *Carriers*, R.H. *Gadshill*, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*The Road by Gad's Hill.*

Enter PRINCE OF WALES and POINS, *disguised*, L.H.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

(*Poins retires a little*, L.H.U.E.)

Enter FALSTAFF, *disguised* L.H.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat kidneyed rascal:—what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. What, Poins! Hal!

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

(*Pretends to go and look for Poins.*)

Fal. I am accursed, to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square further a-foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death, for all this; if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me

love him, I'll be hanged ; it could not be else ; I have drunk medicines.—Poins !—Hal !—a plague upon you both !—Bardolph !—Peto !—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is three score and ten miles a-foot with me ; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough : a plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another !—(*They whistle.*)—Whew !—A plague upon you all ! Give me my horse, you rogues ; give me my horse and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat guts ! lie down ; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down ? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far a-foot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt(1) me thus ?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted. (*He advances to Falstaff.*)

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse ;—good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue ! shall I be your ostler ?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters ! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison.

(1) Is to fool, to trick ; but the prince taking it in another sense, opposes it by *uncolt*, that is, *unhorse*.

When a jest is so forward, and a-foot too!—I hate it.

Enter POINS, L.H.U.E. GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and
PETO, *disguised*, R.H.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice.

Gads. Case ye, case ye, on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poins, and I, will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Fal. But how many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

(*Aside.*)

Poins. Here, hard by : stand close. (*Aside.*)

[*Exeunt the Prince and Poins, R.H.U.E.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, (1) say I ! Every man to his business.—(*They put on their masks, and draw their swords.*)

Enter four TRAVELLERS, R.H.

Trav. Come, neighbour ; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill : we'll walk a foot awhile, and ease our legs.

Fal. &c. Stand !

Trav. Thieves !—Murder !—Help !—(*The Travellers run back again, followed by Bardolph, Gadshill, and Peto, L.H.*)

Fal. Down with them ! cut the villains' throats ! ah ! whoreson caterpillars ! bacon-fed knaves ! they hate us youth : down with them ! fleece them !—Young men must live :—You are grand-jurors, are ye ? We'll jure you, i'faith.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, and POINS, in buckram suits, L.H.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men : (2) Now, could thou and I rob the thieves,

(1) The portion of alms distributed at Lambeth palace gate, is at this day called the *dole*. In Jonson's *Alchemist*, Subtle charges Face with perverting his master's charitable intentions, by selling the *dole* beer to *aqua-vitæ* men.

(2) In the old plays a *true man* is always set in opposi-

and go merrily to London, it would be argument (1) for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming. (*They retire a little, R.H.U.E.*)

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO, with bags of money, L.H.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. (*They sit down on the ground.*) An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money! (*Hen. and Poins advance.*)

Poins. Villains!

(*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. The rest run away; L.H. and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs after them, leaving the booty behind him.*)

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse. [fear

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

tion to a *thief*. So, in the ancient Morality called *Hycke Scorne*, bl. let. no date:—

“And when me list to hang a *true man*—
Thieves I can help out of pryson.”

(1) Argument is subject, or matter for conversation, or a drama.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roared! [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*Warkworth.*—*A Room in the castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter, R.H.

——*BUT*, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.—He could be contented,—why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house!—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous;—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.* Say you so? say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the lord, our plot is as good a plot, as ever was laid: our friends true and constant: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him

with his lady's fan. (1) Is there not my father, my uncle and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? And are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel!—Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared: I will set forward to night.

Enter LADY PERCY, R.H.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these
two hours. [alone?

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from
thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
And start so often, when thou sit'st alone?
In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;

(1) Mr. Edwards observes, in his *Canons of Criticism*, "that the ladies in our author's time wore fans made of feathers." See *Merry Wives of Windsor*: a. 2, sc. 2. p. 23.

Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
 Cry, *Courage—to the field!* And thou hast talk'd
 Of prisoners' ransome, and of soldiers slain,
 And all the 'currents (1) of a heady fight.
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!—

Enter RABY, L.H.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Rab. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from
 the sheriff? [now.

Rab. One horse, my lord, he brought even

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it
 not?

Rab. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne,—
 Well, I will back him straight.—O *Espérance!*
 —(2)

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Raby, L.H.*

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What says't thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,
 As you are toss'd with.—In faith,

(1) Occurrences.

(3) This was the motto of the Percy family.

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
 I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
 About his title ; and hath sent for you,
 To line his enterprise ;—but if you go——

Hot. So far a-foot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer
 Directly to this question that I ask. [me

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
 An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifler.—Love ! I love thee not,
 I care not for thee, Kate : this is no world
 To play with mamnets, (1) and to tilt with lips ;
 We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
 And pass them current too.—Gods me, my
 horse !— [with me ?

What say'st thou, Kate ? what wouldst thou have

Lady. Do you not love me ? do you not, indeed ?

Well, do not, then ; for, since you love me not,
 I will not love myself. Do you not love me ?
 Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride ?

And, when I am o' horseback, I will swear
 I love thee infinitely. But, hark you, Kate ;
 I must not have you henceforth question me
 Whither I go, nor reason whereabout :
 Whither I must, I must ; and, to conclude,
 This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
 I know you wise ; but yet no further wise,
 Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are :

But yet a woman: and, for secrecy,
 No lady closer; for, I well believe, [(1)
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know:
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you,
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too; [Kate:
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
 Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force. [Exeunt, L.H.

SCENE IV.—*The Boar's Head Tavern, in East-cheap.*

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, L.H.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Enter POINS, R.H.D.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, (2) and can call them all by their christian names. as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy;

(1) This line is borrowed from a proverbial sentence: "A woman conceals what she knows not."

(2) Alluding to the *fratres jurati* in the ages of adventure.

and tell me flatly, I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, (1) a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the lord, so they call me,—and, when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I gave thee this penny-worth of sugar, (2) clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, (3) one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are welcome*; with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon, Sir,—Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time, till Falstaff come, I pr'y-thee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—*Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing

(1) A wench.

(2) It appears from the following passage in *Look about you*, 1600, and some others, that the drawers kept sugar folded up in papers, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack :

“ ——— But do you hear?

Bring *sugar in white paper*, not in brown.”

(3) *Schenken*, Dutch, is to fill a glass or cup; and *Schenker* is a cup-bearer, one that waits at table to fill the glasses. An *under-skinker* is, therefore, as Dr. Johnson has explained it. an *under-drawer*.

but—*Anon.* Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent. [*Exit, Poins, and D.*]

Poins. (*Within.*) Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

Enter FRANCIS, L.H.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph. (1)

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to——

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, dar'st thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart——

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be——

(1) To have windows or loop-holes, looking into the rooms beneath them, was anciently a general custom.

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gav'st me—'t was a pennyworth, was 't not?

Fran. O lord, sir, I would, it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, (1) crystal-button, (2) nott-pated, (3) agate-ring,

(1) The prince intends to ask the drawer whether he will rob his master, whom he denotes by many contemptuous distinctions.

(2) It appears from the following passage in Greene's *Quip for an upstart courtier*, 1620, that a *leather jerkin* with *crystal buttons* was the habit of a pawn-broker. "A black taffata doublet, and a spruce *leather jerkin* with *crystal buttons*; &c. I inquired of what occupation. 'Marry, sir,' quoth he, 'a broker.'"

(3) It should be printed, as in the old folios, *nott-pated*. So, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the Yemun is thus described:

"A *nott-head* had he with a brown visage."

A person was said to be *nott-pated*, when the hair was cut short and round. Ray says the word is still used in Essex for *polled* or *shorn*. Vide Ray's *Collection*, p. 100. Morell's Chaucer, 8vo. p. 11. Vide Jun. Etym. adverb.

puke-stocking, (1) caddis-garter, (2) smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why, then, your brown bastard (3) is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvass doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue: dost thou not hear them call?—(*Here they both call him: Francis stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*)

Enter HOSTESS, L.H.

Host. What! stand'st thou still, and hearest such a calling? look to the guests within.—[*Ex-*

So, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

“Your nott-headed country gentleman.”

(1) In Barrett's *Alvearie* or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, a puke colour is explained as being a colour between russet and black, and is rendered in *pullus*. In the time of Shakspeare, the most expensive silk stockings were worn; and in *King Lear*, by way of reproach, an attendant is called a *worsted stocking* knave. So that, after all, perhaps the word *puke* refers to the quality of the stuff, rather than to the colour.

(2) *Caddis* was *worsted galloon*. The garters of Shakspeare's time were worn in sight, and, consequently, were expensive. He who would submit to wear a coarser sort, was probably called by this contemptuous distinction.

(3) *Bastard* was a kind of sweet wine. The Prince finding the waiter not able, or not willing, to understand his instigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away.

*it Francis, L.H.]—*My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door.—[*Exit Hostess, L.H.*]*—Poins—*

Enter POINS, R.H.D.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have showed themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.—What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. (Without, L.H.) Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not of Percy's mind, (1) the Hotspur of the

(1) The drawers answer had interrupted the Prince's train of discourse. He was proceeding thus: *I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours—I am not yet of Percy's mind*; that is, I am willing to indulge myself in gaiety and frolic, and try all the varieties of human life. I am not yet of Percy's mind, who thinks all the time lost that is not spent in bloodshed, forgets decency and civility, and has nothing but the barren talk of a brutal soldier.

north, he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fye upon this quiet life ! I want work.*—O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou killed to day ?*—Give my roan horse a drench, says he ; and answers, *Some fourteen*, an hour after ; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee call in Falstaff. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, PETO, and FRANCIS, L.H. with a tankard of Sack.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been ?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too ! marry and amen !—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, (1) and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards !—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant ?

(He drinks.)

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter,—pitiful-hearted Titan ! (2)—that

(1) Stockings.

(2) The Prince, undoubtedly, as Mr. Theobald observes, by the words, “Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter ?” alludes to Falstaff’s entering in a great heat, “his fat dripping with the violence of his motion, as butter does with the heat of the sun.” Our author here, as in many other places, having started an idea, leaves it, and goes to another that has but a very slight connection with the former. Thus the idea of butter *melted by Titan* or the sun, suggest to him the idea of *Titan’s* being *melted*, or softened, by the tale of his son, Phaëton ; a tale which, undoubtedly, Shakspeare had read in the third book of

melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; (1) yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villainous coward. —Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old, heaven help the while! A bad world, I say! A plague of all cowards, I say still!

P. Hen. How now, wool sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, (2) and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of

Golding's translation of Ovid, having, in his description of winter, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, imitated a passage that is found in the same page in which the history of Phaeton is related.

(1) From the following passage in Greene's *Ghost Haunting Conie-catchers*, 1604, it seems as though *lime* was mixed with the sack for the purpose of giving strength to the liquor:—"A Christian exhortation to Mother Bunch would not have done amisse, that she should not mixe *lime* with her ale to make it *mightie*."

(2) i. e. Such a dagger as the *Vice* in the old moralities was armed. So, in *Twelfth Night*—

"In a trice, like to the old *Vice*,
Your need to sustain;
Who with *dagger of lath*,
In his rage and his wrath," &c.

wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward?—answer me to that:—and Poin there?

P. Hen. Ye fat paunch, an' ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned, ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that, backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing; Give me them that will face me; give me—a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkenest last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I!

[*He drinks; Francis takes the cup and exit, L.H.*]

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? Here be four of us here have taken a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is:—a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the

hose ; my buckler cut through and through ; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man : all would not do. A plague of all cowards !—Let them speak : if they speak more or less than truth they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs :—how was it ?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them ; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.(1)

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all ?

Fal. All ? I know not what ye call all ; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish : if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins. 'Pray heaven, you have not killed some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for ; I have peppered two of them : two, I am sure, I have pay-

(1) The natives of Palestine were called *Hebrews*, by way of distinction from the *stranger Jews*, denominated *Greeks*. Jews, in Shakspeare's time were supposed to be particularly hard-hearted. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* : "A Jew would have wept to have seen our parting."

ed;(1) two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me a horse,—thou knowest my old ward,—here I lay, and thus I bore my point: four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal,—I told thee, four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said, four.

Fal. These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me: I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I'm a villain else.

P. Hen. 'Pr'ythee let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so; for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points(2) being broken,—

(1) Dangerously wounded, or killed.

(2) To understand Poins' joke, the double meaning of *point* must be remembered, which signifies *the sharp end of a weapon*, and *the lace of a garment*. The cleanly phrase for letting down the hose, *ad levandum alvum*, was *to untruss a point*. So, in the comedy of *Wily Beguiled*, "I was so near taken, that I was fain to cut all my *points*." Again, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606.

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground : but I followed me close, came in foot and hand ; and with a thought, seven of the eleven I payed.

P. Hen. O monstrous ! eleven buckram men grown out of two !

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green,(1) came at my back, and let drive at me ;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that

“ Help me to truss my *points*.”

“ I would rather see your hose about your heels than I would help you to truss a *point*.” Randle Holme, also, in his *Academy of Arms and Blazon*, book 3, chap. iii. has given us to understand, that these holders “ are small wiers, made round, through which the breeches hooks are put, to keep them from falling.”

(1) *Kendal*, in Westmoreland, is a place famous for making cloths, and dying them with several bright colours. To this purpose, Drayton, in the 30th song of his *Polyolbion*,

“ ———Where *Kendal* town doth stand,

For making of our *cloth* scarce match'd in all the land.”

Kendal green was the livery of Robert Earl of Huntingdon and his followers, while they remained in a state of outlawry, and their leader assumed the title of Robin Hood. The colour is repeatedly mentioned in the old play on this subject, 1601 :

“ All the woods

Are full of outlaws, that, in *Kendall green*,
Follow the outlawed Earl of Huntingdon.”

Again :—“ Then Robin will I wear thy *Kendall green*.”

Again, in *The Playe of Robyn Hoode*, very proper to be played in *Maye games*, black letter, no date :—

“ Here be a sorte of ragged knaves come in,
Clothed all in *Kendale grene*.”

begets them ; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy, tallow-keech,—(1)

Fal. What, art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the truth, the truth ?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand ? Come, tell us your reason : what sayest thou to this ?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion ? No : were I at the strappado,(2) or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion ! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I—

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin ; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish,—Oh, for breath to utter what is like thee !—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck.

P. Hen. Well, breathe a while, and then to it

(1) A *keech* of tallow is the fat of an ox or cow, rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler ; it is the proper word in use now.

(2) “ The strappado is when the person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly to let him fall half way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh his joints out of joint ; which punishment it is better to be hanged, than for a man to undergo.”

again; and, when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack,—what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters,—was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life: I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, by the lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content: and the argument shall be—
thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an' thou lovest
me.

Enter HOSTESS, L.H.

Host. My lord, the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady, the hostess? what
sayest thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of
the court at door, would speak with you: he
says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him
a royal man,(1) and send him back again to my
mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of bed at mid-
night?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. 'Pry'thee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[Exeunt Falstaff and Hostess, L. H.]

P. Hen. Now, sirs: by'r lady, you fought fair;
so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph; you
are lions too, you ran away upon instinct; you
will not touch the true prince; no,—fye!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran, when I saw others run.

(1) I believe here is a kind of jest intended. He that
received a *noble* was, in cant language, called a *nobleman*;
in this sense the prince catches the word, and bids the
landlady *give him as much as will make him a royal man*,
that is a *real* or *royal* man, and send him away.

P. Hen. Tell me now, in earnest,—how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and to swear, it was the blood of true men; (1) I did that, I did not these seven years before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O, villain! thou stol'st a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, (2) and ever since thou hast blushed extempore: thou had'st fire (3) and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away:—what instinct had'st thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers, and cold purses. (4)

(1) That is, of the men with whom they fought, of *honest men*, opposed to thieves.

(2) *Taken with the manner* is a law phrase, and then in common use, to signify, *taken in the fact*.

(3) The *fire* was in his face. A red face is termed a *fiery face*:—

“While I affirm a *fiery face*
Is to the owner no disgrace.”

Legend of Capt. Jones.

(4) That is, *drunkenness* and *poverty*. To *drink*, was, in the language of those times, to *heat the liver*.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken,—halter.

Enter FALSTAFF, L.H.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? (1) How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. Mine own knee? When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into an alderman's thumb-ring. (2) A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook, (3)—What a plague call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-

◆ (1) *Bombast*, is the stuffing of clothes.

(2) The custom of wearing a ring on the thumb is very ancient. In Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*, it is said of the rider of the brazen horse, who advanced into the hall of Cambuscan, that

“Upon his *thombe* he had of gold a ring.”

(3) Cotgrave calls it “a long hedging-bill, about the length of a partizan.” See also *Florio's Italian Dict.* 1593.

in-law Mortimer ; and old Northumberland ; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol (1) kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him ; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running ?

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo !—but, a-foot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue caps (2) more : Worcester is stolen away by night ; thy father's beard is turned white with the news. You may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel. (3)

(1) Shakspeare never has any care to preserve the manners of the time. *Pistols* were not known in the age of Henry. *Pistols* were, I believe, about our author's time, eminently used by the Scots.

(2) A name of ridicule given to the Scots, from their *blue bonnets*.

(3) *You may buy land*, &c. In former times the prosperity of the nation was known by the value of land, as now by the price of stocks. Before Henry the Seventh made it safe to serve the king regnant, it was the practice, at every revolution, for the conqueror to confiscate the estates of those that opposed, and perhaps of those that did not assist him. Those, therefore, that foresaw the change of government, and thought their estates in danger, were desirous to sell them in haste for something that might be carried away

P. Hen. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidens, as they do hobnails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way:—But, tell me, Hall, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid; doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou com'st to thy father; if thou love me, practise an answer.

Enter HOSTESS, L.H.

Host. O, my lord, my lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick. (1) What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house: shall I let them in?

Fal. Hal, thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

(1) I suppose this phrase is proverbial. It occurs in *The Humourous Lieutenant* of Beaumont and Fletcher:—

“—— For certain, gentlemen,
The fiend rides on a fiddle-stick.”

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; (1) if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff (To Hostess.)

[Exit Hostess, L.H.]

Go, hide thee behind the arras; (2)—the rest walk up above.—Now, my masters, for a true face and a good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, Gadshill, and Peto, R.H.U.E.]

Enter SHERIFF, and two TRAVELLERS, L.H.

P. Hen. Now, master sheriff,—what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord:—A hue and cry hath followed certain men into this house.

(1) Falstaff clearly intends a quibble between the principal officer of a corporation, now called a *mayor*, to whom the sheriff is generally next in rank, and one of the parts of a logical proposition.

(2) When arras was first brought into England, it was suspended on small hooks driven into the bare walls of houses and castles. But this practice was soon discontinued; for after the damp of the stone or brick-work had been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on frames of wood at such a distance from the wall, as prevented the latter from being injurious to the former. In old houses, therefore, long before the time of Shakspeare, there were large spaces left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord : a gross fat man.

Trav. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. Sheriff, I do engage my word to thee That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall : And so, let me entreat you, leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. Here are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so. If he have robb'd these He shall be answerable ; and so, farewell. [men,

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good-morrow,—is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Travellers, L.H.*

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches his breath ! Search his pockets.

(*Poins goes out, R.H.U.E. and scarches his pockets.*)
What hast thou found?

Re-enter POINS, R.H.U.E.

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be : read them.

Poins. (*Reads.*) Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, sauce, 4d.

Item, sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, anchovies and sack, after supper, 2s. 6d.
 Item, bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve score. (1) The money shall be paid back again, with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Poins. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exit, R.H.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Presence Chamber.*

KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN,
 EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT,
and other Gentlemen, discovered.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of
 Wales and I

(1) Twelve-score yards.

Must have some private conference : but be near
At hand ; for we shall presently have need of
you.

[*Exeunt all but the King and Prince of Wales, L.H.*

I know not whether heaven will have it so,
For some displeasing service (1) I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me ;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life, (2)
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart ?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would, I
could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well, as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal :
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof (3) of many tales devis'd,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. Heaven pardon thee !—Yet let me
wonder, Harry,

(1) *Service* for *action*, simply.

(2) *i. e.* in the passages of thy life.

(3) Disproof.

At thy affections, which do hold a wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost, (1)
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
 And art almost an alien to the hearts
 Of all the court, and princes of my blood,
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession; (2)
 And left me, in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at :
 That men would tell their children *This is he* ;
 Others would say,--*Where? which is Bolingbroke?*
 Not an eye
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;
 Which now doth what I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious
 Be more myself. [lord,

(1) The Prince was removed from being president of the council, immediately after he struck the judge. Our author has I believe, here been guilty of an anachronism. The prince's removal from council in consequence of his striking the Lord Chief Justice Gascoigne, was some years after the battle of Shrewsbury, (1403.) His brother, Thomas Duke of Clarence, was appointed president of the council, in his room, and he was not created a Duke till the 13th year of King Henry the Fourth.

(2) True to him that had then possession of the crown.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas!
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing-
clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once;
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumber-
land, [timer,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mor-
Capitulate (1) against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest (2) enemy?
Thou,—that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Hen. Do not think so ; you shall not find
it so : [sway'd
And heaven forgive them that so much have

(1) Make head.

(2) *Dearest* is most fatal, most mischievous.

Your majesty's good thoughts away from me !
 I will redeem all this on Percy's head ;
 And, in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you, that I am your son :
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
 And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
 For every honour sitting on his helm,
 Would they were multitudes ! and on my head
 My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf :
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of heaven, I promise here :
 The which, if he be pleas'd I shall perform.
 I do beseech your majesty may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;(1)

(1) i. e. *bonds*, for thus the word was anciently spelt.
 so, in the *Comedy of Errors* :

“ My master is arrested on a band.”

Shakspeare has the same allusion in *Macbeth* :

“ *Cancel* and tear to pieces that great bond,” &c.

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ And *cancel* these cold *bonds*.”

And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in
this :— [herein.
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust,

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT, L.H.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of
speed. [speak of.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—
That Douglas and the English rebels met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The Earl of Westmoreland sets forth
to-day ;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster ;
For this advertisement is five days old :
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set
Forward ; on Thursday, we ourselves will march :
Our meeting is Bridgenorth : and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire.
Our hands are full of business : let's away ;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*

SCENE II.—*The Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH, L.H.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? why my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; (1) I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An' I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse. (2)—The inside of a church! (3)—Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

(1) While I have some flesh, some substance. We have had *well-liking* in the same sense, in a former play.

(2) The commentators seem not to be aware, that in assertions of this sort, Falstaff does not mean to point out any *similitude* to his own condition, but, on the contrary, some striking *dissimilitude*. He says here, *I am a pepper corn, a brewer's horse*; just as in Act ii. sc. 4, he asserts the truth of several parts of his narrative, on pain of being considered as *a rogue—a Jew—an Ebrew Jew—a bunch of radish—a horse*.

(3) The latter words (*the inside of a church*) were, I suspect, repeated by the mistake of the compositor. Or Falstaff may be here only repeating his former words—*the inside of a church!*—without any connection with the words immediately preceding. My first conjecture appears to me the most probable.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it :—come, sing me a song ; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be ; virtuous enough ; swore little ! diced, not above seven times a week ; went to bordello, not above once in a quarter of an hour ; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times ; lived well, and in good compass ; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass ; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life : thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, (1)—but 'tis in the nose of thee ; thou art the knight of the burning lamp. (2)

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn ; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori* : I never see thy face, but I think

(1) This appears to have been a very old joke. So, in *A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pietifull*, &c. by Wm. Bulleyne, 1564 : “ Marie, this friar, though he did rise to the quere by darcke night, he needed no candell, his nose was so redd and brighte ; and although he had but little money in store in his purse, yet his nose and cheeks were well set with curral and rubies.”

(2) The *Knight of the Burning Lamp*, and the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, are both names invented with a design to ridicule the titles of heroes in antient romances.

upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple ; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. When thou ran'st up Gad's Hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, (1) an everlasting bonfire-light ! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, (2) walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern : but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap (3) at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years ; heaven reward me for it !

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly !

Fal. God-a-mercy ! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

(1) A *triumph* was a general term for any public exhibition, such as a royal marriage, a grand procession, &c. &c. which commonly, being at night, were attended by multitudes of torch-bearers.

(2) In Shakspeare's time (long before the streets were illuminated with lamps,) candles and lanthorns to let, were cried about London, So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*—"Dost roar ? Thou hast a good rouncival voice to cry *lantern and candle-light*."

(3) *Cheap* is *market*, and *good cheap*, therefore, is a *bon marché*.

Enter HOSTESS, L.H.

How now, dame Partlet (1) the hen? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John! what do you think, Sir John? Do you think, I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked: go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? I defy thee: I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John; you owe me money, Sir John: and now you pick a quarrel, to beguile me of it; I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings; and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

(3) *Dame Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story-book of *Reynard the Fox*; and in Chaucer's tale of *The Cock and the Fox*, the favourite hen is called *dame Partelote*.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face: what call you rich? (1) let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, (2) a sneak cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, L.H. playing on his truncheon, like a fife. FALSTAFF meets him, R.H.

How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? —must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.(3)

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

(1) A face set with carbuncles is called a *rich* face, *Legend of Captain Jones*.

(2) This term of contempt occurs frequently in our author. In the *The Taming of the Shrew*, Katherine calls her music-master, in derision a twangling *Jack*.

(3) As prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together.

Fal. 'Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night, I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is: and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; (1) nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; (2) and for womanhood, maid Marian (3) may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee: Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank heaven on.

(1) *A dish of stewed prunes* was not only the ancient designation of a brothel, but the constant appendage to it.

(2) It was formerly supposed that a *fox*, when *drawn* out of his hole, had the sagacity to counterfeit death, that he might thereby obtain an opportunity to escape.

(3) *Maid Marian* is a man, dressed like a woman, who attends the dancers of the morris.

Host. I am no thing to thank heaven on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, Sir John? why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh;(1) a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said, this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million; thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say it is copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

(1) *Neither fish nor flesh.* nor good red herring. So the proverb.

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare ; as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not, as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion : dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an' if I do, let my girdle break ! (1)

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees ! Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket ! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, imbossed (2) rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar candy, to make thee long-winded ; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries, but these, I am a villain : and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong : (3) art thou not ashamed ?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal ? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell : and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy ? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man ; and therefore more frailty.—You confess then, you picked my pocket ?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

(1) This wish had more force formerly than at present, it being once the custom to wear the purse hanging by the girdle ; so that its breaking, if not observed by the wearer, was a serious matter.

(2) *Embossed*, is swoln, puffed.

(3) As the *pocketing of injuries* was a common phrase, I suppose the Prince calls the contents of Falstaff's pocket—injuries.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee : go, make ready breakfast : love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests : thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason : thou seest, I am pacified.—Still ?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone.—*[Exit. Hostess, L.H.]*—Now, Hal, to the news at court :—for the robbery, lad,—how is that answered ?

P. Hen. The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back ; it is a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.(1)

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well ? Oh, for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts ! I am heinously unprovided. Well heaven be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous : I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph,—

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go, bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,
My brother John ; this to my Lord of West-
moreland.

[Exit Bard, R.H.]

(1) i. e. Do it immediately, or the first thing in the morning, even without staying to wash your hands.

Jack,

Meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall,
(*Crosses to L.H.*)

At two o'clock i'the afternoon : [receive

There shalt thou know thy charge ; and there
Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning ; Percy stands on high ;
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Drum.—Exit, L.H.*

Fal. Rare words ! brave world !—Hostess, my
breakfast ; come :—

O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum !

[*Exit, L.H.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Hotspur's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

(*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*)

Enter EARL OF WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, EARL OF
DOUGLAS, *Two Gentlemen, Two Banners, and*
Twelve Soldiers, R.H.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot : if speaking
truth,

In this fine age, where not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,

As not a soldier of this season's stamp
 Should go so general current through the world.
 By heaven, I cannot flatter ; I defy (1)
 The tongues of soothers ; but a braver place
 In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself :
 Nay, task me to the word ; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour :
 No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
 But I will beard him. (2)

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well :

Enter RABY, L.H.

What letters hast thou there ?

Rab. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him ! why, comes he not
 himself ? [sick.

Rab. He cannot come, my lord ; he's grievous

Hot. Sick ! how has he leisure to be sick,
 In such a justling time ? Who leads his power ?
 Under whose government come they along ?

Rab. His letters bear his mind, not I.

Hot. His mind !

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his
 bed ? [forth ;

Rab. He did my lord, four days ere I set
 And, at the time of my departure thence,
 He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been
 whole,

(1) To *defy* means here to *disdain*.

(2) To *beard*, is to *oppose face to face* in a hostile or
 daring manner.

Ere he by sickness had been visited?
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! This sickness
doth infect,
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp—
He writes me here,—that inward sickness,—
And his friends, by deputation, could not
So soon be drawn;—
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That, with our small conjunction, we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;(1)
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,(2)
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear(3)
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far:
I, rather, of his absence, make this use;—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,

(1) To *quail*, is to languish, to sink into dejection.

(2) To *draw* a curtain had anciently the same meaning as to *undraw* one has at present.

(3) *Fear*, in the present instance, signifies a terrific object.

Than if the earl were here ; for men must think,
 If we, without his help, can make a head
 To push against the kingdom, with his help,
 We shall o'erturn it topsy turvy down.—

Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think : there is not such a
 Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear. [word
 (*A Trumpet Sounds, L.H.*

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON, and Two Gentlemen,
L.H.

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. 'Pray heaven, my news be worth a wel-
 come, lord. [strong,

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand
 Is marching hitherwards ; with him, Prince John.

Hot. No harm : what more ?

Ver. And further I have learn'd,—
 The king himself in person is set forth,
 Or hitherwards intended speedily,
 With strong and mighty preparation. [son,

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his
 The nimble-footed(1) mad-cap Prince of Wales,
 And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
 And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms :

(1) Shakspeare seldom bestows his epitaphs at random. Stowe says of the Prince, " He was passing swift in running, insomuch that he, with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild buck, or doe, in a large park."

All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind(1)
 Bated,(2) like eagles having lately bath'd :
 Glittering in golden coats, like images ;(3)
 As full of spirit as the month of May,
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
 I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
 His cuisses(4) on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus, [ship.
 And witch(5) the world with noble horseman-
Hot. No more, no more : worse than the sun
 in March,

(1) I believe *estridges* never mount at all, but only run before the wind, opening their wings to receive its assistance in urging them forward. They are generally hunted on horseback, and the art of the hunter is to turn them from the gale, by the help of which they are too fleet for the swiftest horse to keep up with them. *All plum'd like estridges.* All dressed like the Prince himself, the *ostrich-feather* being the cognizance of the Prince of Wales.

(2) All birds, after bathing, (which almost all birds are fond of,) spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themselves. This in the falconer's language, is called *bating*, and by Shakspeare, *bating with the wind*.—It may be observed that birds never appear so lively and full of spirits as immediately after *bathing*.

(3) This alludes to the manner of dressing up images in the Romish churches on holy-days ; when they are bedecked in robes very richly laced and embroidered.

(4) Armour for the thighs.

(5) For bewitch, charm.

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ;
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
 All hot and bleeding, will we offer them :
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours : come, let me take my horse
 Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales :
 Harry to Harry shall,—hot horse to horse,—
 Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a
 Oh, that Glendower were come ! [corse.

Ver. There is more news :

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power these fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of
 yet. [sound.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach

Ver. To thirty thousand. [unto ?

Hot. Forty let it be :

My father and Glendower being both away,
 The powers of us may serve so great a day.
 Come, let us make a muster speedily :
 Dooms-day is near ; die all, die merrily.

(Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.)

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*The Road near Coventry.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH, L.H.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry :

fill me a bottle of sack; (*Gives his flask.*) our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, Captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An' it do, take it for thy labour; and, if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. (1) I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild duck. I press me none but such toasts and butter, (2) with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth; and such as, in-

(1) An appellation of contempt, very frequently employed in the old comedies.

(2) Londoners, and all within the sound of Bow-bell, are in reproach called Cocknies, and *eaters of buttered toasts*.

deed, were never soldiers ; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, (1) revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen ; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace ; and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves (2) on ; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company ; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders, like a herald's coat without sleeves ; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of Saint Albans, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daintry. (3) But that's all one ; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, and the EARL OF WEST-MORELAND, L.H.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack ? how now, quilt ?

(1) Men of desperate fortune and wild adventure.

(2) Shackles.

(3) Daventry.

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too: but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night. (1)

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream, indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack,—whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; (2) food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better; tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare,—too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: and for their bareness—I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

(1) We must travel all night.

(2) That is, to toss upon a pike.

West. He is, Sir John; I fear we shall stay too long. [*Exeunt the Prince and Westmoreland,*

R.H.

Fal. Well, [of a feast,
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exit, R.H.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of Hotspur's Camp.*

(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

Enter HOTSPUR, EARL OF WORCESTER, SIR RICHARD VERNON, EARL OF DOUGLAS, *four Gentlemen, two Banners, and twelve Soldiers, R.H.*

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for sup-

Ver. So do we. [ply?

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-

Ver. Do not my lord. [night.

Doug. You do not counsel well.

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:—
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I. [much,

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder
Being men of such great leading as you are, (1)
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition : Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up :
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day ;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general journey-bated, and brought low ;
'The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth
ours :
For heaven's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

(*Trumpet sounds a parley.*)

*Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT, two gentlemen, and a
Flag of Truce, L.H. All the Gentlemen of both
parties take off their hats.*

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the
king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt : And 'would
to heaven,
You were of our determination !
Some of us love you well : and even those some

(1) Such conduct, such experience in martial business.

Envy your great deserving and good name ;
 Because you are not of our quality, (1)
 But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heaven defend, but still I should
 stand so,

So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
 You stand against anointed majesty !

(*They put on their hats.*)

But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
 The nature of your griefs ; (2) and whereupon
 You conjure from the breast of civil peace
 Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
 Audacious cruelty : If that the king
 Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
 Which he confesseth to be manifold,
 He bids you name your griefs ; and, with all
 speed,

You shall have your desires, with interest ;
 And pardon absolute for yourself, and these
 Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind : and, well we know,
 the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
 My father, and my uncle, and myself
 Did give him that same royalty he wears :
 And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,
 Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
 A poor unminded out-law sneaking home,—
 My father gave him welcome to the shore ;

(1) *Quality*, in our author's time, was frequently used
 in the sense of *fellowship* or occupation.

(2) Grievances.

And,—when he heard him swear and vow to
heaven,

He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too,
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
'The more and less(1) came in with cap and
knee;

Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths.
Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him.
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.

Blunt. I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point:———

In short time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life:
And, in the neck of that, task'd (2) the whole
state:

(1) That is, the greater and the less.

(2) *Taxed*; it was once common to employ these words indiscriminately.

To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
 (Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
 Indeed his king,) to be encag'd (1) in Wales,
 There without ransome to'lie forfeited:
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
 Rated my uncle from the council-board;
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
 And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This head of safety; (2) and, withall, to pry
 Into his title too, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw a while.

Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again,
 And in the morning early shall my uncle
 Bring him our purposes: and so, farewell.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace
 and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray heaven, you do!

(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

[*Exeunt Sir W. Blunt, Gentleman with a Flag of Truce with the Gentleman, L.H. ; and Hotspur, with his friends, R.H.*]

END OF ACT IV.

(1) *Encag'd* signifies *delivered* as an hostage; and is again used in that sense.

(2) This army, from which I hope for protection.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*King Henry's Tent.*

(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT, SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, *four Gentlemen, two Standards, and twelve Soldiers, discovered.*

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky⁽¹⁾ hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes ; ⁽²⁾
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Fortells a tempest and a blustering day.

(*A Trumpet sounds a parley.*)

Enter EARL OF WORCESTER, SIR RICHARD VERNON, *and a Flag of Truce, L.H.*

K. Hen. How now, my lord of Worcester?
'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,

(1) *Busky* is woody (*Bosquet*, Fr.) Milton writes the word perhaps more properly *bosky*.

(2) That is, to the sun's, to that which the sun portends by his unusual appearance.

To crush our old limbs (1) in ungentle steel :
 'This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
 What say you to't?

Wor. Hear me, my liege :—
 For mine own part, I could be well content
 To entertain the lag-end of my life
 With quiet hours ; for, I do protest,
 I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it, sir ! how
 comes it then ?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, (2) peace. [looks

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your
 Of favour from myself, and all our house :
 And yet I must remember you, my lord,
 We were the first and dearest of your friends.
 For you, my staff of office did I break
 In Richard's time ; and posted day and night
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
 When yet you were in place and in account
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
 It was myself, my brother, and his son
 That brought you home, and boldly did outdare

(1) Shakspeare must have been aware that the king was not at the time more than four years older than he was at the deposition of king Richard. And, indeed, in the next play, he makes him expressly tell us, then—

“ ———— but *eight years* since

“ Northumberland even to the eyes of Richard

“ Gave him defiance.”

(2) A chewet, or chuet, is a noisy, chattering bird, a pie. This carries a proper reproach to Falstaff for his ill-timed and impertinent jest.

The dangers of the time : you swore to us,
 And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
 That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;
 Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
 The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :
 To this we sware our aid. But, in short space,
 It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
 What with our help, what with the absent king,—
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
 To gripe the general sway into your hand ;
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;
 And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird(1)
 Useth the sparrow ; did oppress our nest ;
 Grew, by our feeding to so great a bulk, [sight,
 That even our love durst not come near your
 For fear of swallowing ; but, with nimble wing
 We were enforced, for safety's sake, to fly
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head,
 Whereby we stand oppos'd(2) by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself ;
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,(3)

(1) The cuckoo's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the sparrow, in whose nest the cuckoo's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurse.

(2) We stand in opposition to you.

(3) That is, exhibited in articles.

Proclaim'd at market crosses, read in churches,
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour that may please the eye
 Of fickle changlings, and poor discontents,(1)
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
 Of hurly-burly innovation :

And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water-colours to impaint his cause ;
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time(2)
 Of pell mell havoc and confusion. [soul

P. Hen. In both our armies there is many a
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
 In praise of Henry Percy : By my hopes,—
 This present enterprise set off his head,—(3)
 I do not think, a braver gentleman,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 'To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry ;
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too :
 Yet this, before my father's majesty,—
 I am content that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation ;
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

(1) This is in allusion to our ancient fantastic habits, which were usually *faced* or turned up with a colour different from that of which they were made. Poor *discontents* are poor *discontented people*, as we now say—*malcontents*.

(2) That is, impatiently expecting a time, &c.

(3) That is, taken from his account.

K. Hen. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee ;

Albeit considerations infinite

Do make against it :—No, good Worcester, no ;
We love our people well ; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's part :
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his :
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do :—But, if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone ;
We will not now be troubled with reply :
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt Worcester, Vernon, and Flag, L.H.*]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life :
The Douglas and the Hotspur, both together,
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge ;

For, on their answer, will we set on them ;
And heaven befriend us, as our cause is just !

[*Exeunt the King, Prince John, Sir W. Blunt, Gentlemen and Soldiers, L.H.*]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so : 'tis a point of friendship.(1)

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

(1) In the battle of Agincourt, Henry, when king, did this act of friendship for his brother the duke of Gloucester.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest heaven a death.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter: Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore I'll none of it:—Honour is a mere scutcheon;(1) and so ends my catechism.

[*Exit L.H.*

SCENE II.—*Hotspur's Camp.*

Enter EARL OF WORCESTER, and SIR RICHARD VERNON, L.H.

Wor. O, no; my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,

(1) This is very fine. The reward of brave actions formerly was only some honourable bearing in the shields of arms bestowed upon deservers. But Falstaff having said that *honour* often came not till after death, he calls it very wittily a *scutcheon*, which is the painted heraldry borne in funeral processions; and by *mere scutcheon* is insinuated, that whether alive or dead, honour was but a name.

The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone :

It is not possible, it cannot be,

The king should keep his word in loying us ,

He will suspect us still, and find a time

To punish this offence in other faults :

My nephew's trespass may be well forgot :

It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood,

And an adopted name of privilege ;—

A hair-brain'd Hotspur, (1) govern'd by a
spleen:—

All his offences live upon my head,

And on his father's : we did train him on ;

And, his corruption being ta'en from us,

We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all :

Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,

In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will : I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR, EARL OF DOUGLAS, *four Gentle-*
men, two Standards, and twelve Soldiers, R.H.

Hot. My uncle is return'd ;—deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.(2)—Uncle, what
news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

(1) The name of *Hotspur* will privilege him from cen-
sure.

(2) Deliver as an hostage. See p. 94, note 1.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmore-
land. [so.

Hot. Lord Douglas, then go you and tell him

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[Exit, R.H.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? Heaven forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.
The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the
king,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our
heads; [day,

And that no man might draw short breath to—
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his talking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly;
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital (1) of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,

As if he master'd there (1) a double spirit,
 Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
 There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
 If he out-live the envy of this day,
 England did never owe (2) so sweet a hope,
 So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think that thou art enamoured
 Upon his follies.

But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
 I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
 That he shall shrink under my courtesy.

Enter EARL OF DOUGLAS, R.H.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have
 thrown

A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth, [it;
 And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear
 Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Hot. Arm, arm with speed!—

O, gentlemen, the time of life is short;
 To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
 And if we live, we live to tread on kings;
 If die,—brave death, when princes die with us!

Enter RABY, R.H.

Rab. My lord, prepare; the king comes on
 apace. [tale;

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my

(1) Was master of.

(2) Own.

For I profess not talking: only this,—
 Let each man do his best: and here draw I
 A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
 With the best blood that I can meet withal
 In the adventure of this perilous day.
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
 And by that musick let us all embrace;
 For, heaven to earth, (1) some of us never shall
 A second time do such a courtesy.

(*The drums, trumpets, &c. sound.—They embrace.*)

Now,—Esperance! (2)—Percy!—and set on.

(*Trumpets, drums, &c.*)

[*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*The Field of Battle near Shrewsbury.*

(*Alarums.*)

Enter EARL OF DOUGLAS, R.H. *and* SIR WALTER BLUNT, L.H.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle
 thus

Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
 Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
 And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
 Because some tell me that thou art a king.

(1) That is, one may wager heaven to earth.

(2) This was the word of battle on Percy's side, and also the motto of the family.

Blunt. They tell thee true. [bought,

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath
Thy likeness; for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud
Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

(*Alarums.—They fight.—Blunt is slain.*)

Enter HOTSPUR, L.H.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holme-
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot. [don, thus,

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless

Hot. Where? [lies the king.

Doug. Here. [well:

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably (1) furnished like the king himself.
Up, and away;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

(*Alarums.*) [*Exeunt*, R.H.

(*Alarums.*)

Enter FALSTAFF, L.H.U.E.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free (2) at Lon-
don, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but

(1) That is, in resemblance, alike.

(2) A play upon *shot*, as it means the part of reckoning,
and a missive weapon discharged from artillery.

upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt:—There's honour for you! Here's no vanity! (1)—I am as hot as molten lead,—Heaven keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than my own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are peppered: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, with his sword broken. L.II.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword.

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory (2) never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day.—I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.(3)

(1) The words may mean, here is real honour, *no vanity*, or empty appearance.

(2) Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildobrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the Emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his history, has made Gregory so odious, that I do not doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and the Pope, in one.

(3) *Sure* has two significations; *certainly disposed of*, and *safe*, Falstaff uses it in the *former* sense, the Prince relies to it in the *latter*.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
I pr'ythee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword: but, take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: what is it in the case?

Fal. Ay Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city.

(The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.)

P. Hen. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[The Prince throws it at him and exit, L.H.]

Fal. If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not,—if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado (1) of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour come unlooked for, and there's an end. *(Alarums.)* *[Exit, L.H.]*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the field of Battle.*

(Alarums.)

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, L.H. and HOTSPUR, R.H.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth. *[name.]*

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see

(1) A *carbonado* is a piece of meat cut cross-wise for the gridiron.

A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the Prince of Wales: and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more;
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is
come

To end the one of us: and would to heaven,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from
thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

(*They fight.*)

Enter FALSTAFF, L.H.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you
shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter EARL OF DOUGLAS; L.H.U.E. he strikes at
Falstaff, who falls down, as if he were dead.—
Exit Douglas, R.H.U.E.—Hotspur is wounded and
falls.*

Hot. O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my
youth; (1)

(1) Shakspeare has chosen to make Hotspur fall by the
hand of the Prince of Wales; but there is, I believe, no
authority for the fact. Speed says, Percy was killed by
an unknown hand.

I better brook the loss of my brittle life,
 Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;
 They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword
 my flesh :—

O, could I prophesy,
 But that the earthy and the cold hand of death
 Lies on my tongue : No, Percy, thou art dust.
 And food for— *(Dies.)*

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: fare thee
 well, great heart !— *[shrunk ! (1)]*

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou
 When that this body did contain a spirit,
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;
 But now, two paces of the vilest earth
 Is room enough :—this earth, that bears thee
 dead,

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !
 Thy ignomy (2) sleep with thee in the grave,
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph !—

(He sees Falstaff on the ground.)

What ! old acquaintance ! Could not all this flesh
 Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !
 I could have better spar'd a better man.
 O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
 If I were much in love with vanity.
 Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day ;
 'Though many dearer, (3) in this bloody fray :—

(1) A metaphor taken from cloth, which shrinks when it is ill-weaved, when its texture is loose.

(2) So the word ignominy was formerly written.

(3) Many of greater value.

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by ;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

(Trumpets and Drums sound twice.)

[Exit, L.H.]

Fal. (Rising slowly.) Embowell'd ! if thou embowel me to day, I'll give you leave to powder me, (1) and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit ? I lie ; I am no counterfeit : to die, is to be a counterfeit ; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man : but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion ; in the which better part I have saved my life.—I am afraid of this gunpowder, Percy, though he be dead : how if he should counterfeit too, and rise ? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit : therefore I'll make him sure ; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I ? Nothing confutes me but eyes ; and nobody sees me : therefore, sirrah,—*(Stabs Hotspur.)*—with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.
(Takes Hotspur on his back.)

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, and Four Soldiers, L.H.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

(1) To powder is to salt.

Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and
bleeding
On the ground.—

Art thou alive? or is it fantasy
That plays upon our eye-sight? 'Pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double
man: (1) but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am
I a Jack.—(*Throws the body down.*)—There is
Percy. If your father will do me any honour,
so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself.
I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure
you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw
thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world
is given to lying;—I grant you, I was down,
and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose
both at an instant, and fought a long hour by
Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so;
if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear
the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon
my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh:
if the man were alive, and would deny it, I
would make him eat a piece of my sword.

(1) That is, I am not Falstaff and Percy together,
though having Percy on my back, I seem double.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard. [John.]

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

(Trumpet sounds a retreat.)

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[Exeunt P. Hen. and P. John, L.H.]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He
that rewards me, heaven reward him! If I do
grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and
leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman
should do.

(Flourish of drums and trumpets.)

*[Exeunt Falstaff, and Four Soldiers, bearing
Hotspur's body after him, L.H.]*

SCENE V.—*King Henry's Tent.*

(Flourish of drums and trumpets.)

KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN OF
LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, *Gentle-
men, and Soldiers, with WORCESTER, VERNON,
and others, Prisoners, discovered.*

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me
And I embrace this fortune patiently, [to ;
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and
Vernon too :

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

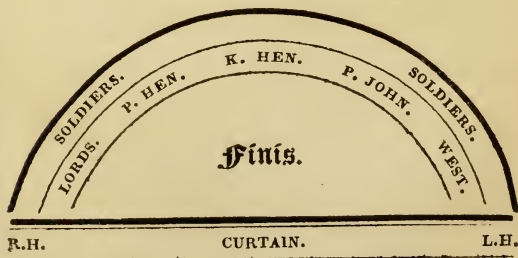
[*Exeunt, Two Officers, Worcester, Vernon,
and Four Gentlemen, guarded by Six Sol-
diers, L.H.*

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day :
And, since this business so far fair (1) is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

(1) Fairly.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



Oxberry's Edition.

THE

SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER,

A COMEDY ;

By A. Cherry.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING, WHICH IS FAITHFULLY
MARKED WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS,
AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

By W. OXBERRY, *Comedian.*

B O S T O N :

PUBLISHED BY WELLS AND LILLY—COURT-STREET :
AND A. T. GOODRICH & CO.—NEW-YORK.

1822.

Remarks.

“**T**HE Soldier’s Daughter” is one of the most popular of our acting plays : and it attacks the public on so many of its weak sides, that it is no wonder that it is popular, in spite of the moderate share of talent displayed in it, or the slenderness of the interest excited. The Author (Mr. Cherry) was himself an actor of some merit ; and, in preparing this Comedy for the stage, profited of the secrets which he had learned in the school of his profession, by never missing an opportunity of introducing those allusions which he had found infallible signals for drawing down the plaudits of an audience upon the character that uttered them. Here are clap-traps in abundance and of the most obvious kind—appeals in every page to our patriotism, our humanity, our sensibility, to those professions of public or private affection, which not to applaud on the boards of a theatre would be as indecorous as not to drink a toast in company, or to contradict a lady in an argument. “We compare notes with the amiable characters in the play, and compliment ourselves on the wonderful similarity between us.” We are reminded of our own boasted perfections both as men and Britons :—or if any follies and weaknesses appear, they are sure to lean to the favourable side—*too much* goodnature, *too much* gaiety and thoughtlessness, *too much* unsuspecting frankness, *too much* drollery and archness of humour. The Author makes it a rule to in-

sinuate that his characters have all manner of good qualities, by apologizing for the excesses into which they are led by them ; and thus kindly recommends them to our protection and countenance. Their benevolence is such that it opens their purses, and obtrudes their charities unlooked for, and in spite of themselves,—they cannot help it, and he hopes we shall excuse this extreme tenderness of their nature, “open as day to melting charity.”—Then they “have a foolish rheum afflicts them” at a tale of distress, and the handkerchief applied to hide their tears is a signal for ours to flow—then they have such an odd way with them, and say such odd things, that they cannot help laughing at them themselves. We laugh too for company.

The “Ha ! ha ! ha !” at the end of almost every sentence, (not of the lachrymose kind) is equivalent to a stage direction. “Here the audience are supposed to laugh, or the jest cannot go on.”

The title of the play, the Soldier’s Daughter, is itself a military *coup-de-main* ; it is a challenge to our national bravery, and natural pity. It is hardly fair thus to take an audience by storm or sap. The lady herself “professes too much ;” and identifies her own and her country’s cause with a very heroical defiance of common sense. The Widow Cheerly is over-cheerful, over-frank, over-hospitable, but not over-nice, she might be admitted to the mess room as a cadet, or take the field as a volunteer, by a mere change of dress. Her speech “would not betray her.” She is a volunteer in friendship, a volunteer in love, and a volunteer in mimicry and letter writing ; but she carries off the liberties she takes, by the volubility of her tongue and the freedom of her gestures. She has no affected regrets for the loss of her first husband, nor any affected objections to taking another. This is the first man she

meets, indeed; but then he is at the same time one of the most amiable and unaccountable of mortals. Frank Heartall is one of those stock Characters of the sentimental comedy, who are represented as all heart and no head; as getting themselves and others into unmeaning scrapes for pure want of thought, and getting out of them by much the same sort of chance-medley; as murdering their best friends, or relieving utter strangers as it happens; and doing good or making mischief, without the least malice a-forethought. This character is but slightly sketched in by the author, and would be hardly intelligible, but for the well-known family likeness. Mr. Bannister first came out in the part: he had been used to the class, and could give a cue to the critics.

Old Heartall is a Governor returned from India, blunt and well meaning, but strangely versatile in his opinions, and as strangely led by the nose by the undisguised hypocrisy of Ferret, a character that disgusts us almost equally by the villainy and the shallowness of his plots, and who attempts to palliate his iniquity at last, by observing with much gravity and phlegm, "That had there been no such vice as avarice, he had been an honest man."

Mr. and Mrs. Malfort contribute to the pathos of the piece, and their child Julia and her doll "Miss Good Gentleman," are pretty episodes. Malfort's rashness in challenging Heartall and suspecting his wife's attachment in consequence of a ridiculous anonymous communication, might be particularly blamed, if in this comedy, folly, as well as vice and virtue, wit, humour, every thing, were not gratuitous.

W. H.

Andrew Cherry, was the eldest son of the late Mr. John Cherry, printer and bookseller, at Limerick, in Ireland, and was born in that city, Jan. 11, 1762; and, having re-

ceived a respectable education at a grammar-school there, was intended by his father to be qualified for holy orders by matriculation in a university ; but, by disappointments in life, his parent was obliged to abandon this intention, and, at eleven years of age, Andrew was placed under the protection of Mr. James Potts, printer and bookseller, in Dane Street, Dublin.

At the age of fourteen, he made his first appearance as Lucia, in the tragedy of "Cato," and at seventeen he boldly entered the dramatic lists ; and, for some time after, he encountered all the pleasure and the pain, incidental to the life of a strolling player.

On the abdication of the late Mr. King, Mr. Cherry was engaged at Drury lane, where he made his appearance on the 25th of September, 1802, in the characters of Sir Benjamin Dove, and Lazarillo, and was received with great applause.

After his retirement from Drury Lane Theatre, he was, for a time, manager of the Swansea Theatre. He died in the winter of 1813, at Monmouth.

He is the author of the following pieces.

- 1 *Harlequin on the Stocks*. Pant. Rom. 1793.
- 2 *The Outcasts*. Opera. 1796. Not printed.
- 3 *Soldier's Daughter*. C. 8vo. 1804.
- 4 *All for Fame*. Com. Sketch. 1805. N. P.
- 5 *The Village*. C. 1805. N. P.
- 6 *The Travellers*. Op. Dram. 8vo. 1806.
- 7 *Thalia's Tears*. Poet. Effus. 1806. N. P.
- 8 *Spanish Dollars*. M. Ent. 8vo. 1806.
- 9 *Peter the Great*. Op. Dr. 8vo. 1807.
- 10 *A Day in London*. C. 1807.

Prologue.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF THE COMEDY.)

SPOKEN BY MR. POPE.

THE wretch condemn'd, who pines in silent sorrow,
And fears the dawn of the all-dreadful morrow,
When, from this earth his soul must take her flight,
The realms to seek of all-eternal night :—
As he the awful scaffold slowly climbs,
And dreads the vengeance that attends his crimes.—
Hope like a smiling cherub, opes her gate,
And points out mercy on her throne of state !
Justice, obedient to the white-rob'd maid,
Sheathes her drawn sword—and grants her willing aid.
So the scar'd author of our play, to-night,
Dreads—ev'n these lamps, that bring his crimes to light.
Tho' chilling dew-drops mark the culprits' fear,
He knows your justice—if his cause you hear ;
But should his guilt excite the critic fury,
His hope is—Mercy, from an English jury !

A home-spun fabric he presents to view ;
Devis'd, constructed, and prepar'd, for you.—
From nature drawn, and fed with Nature's food ;
His men and women—merely flesh and blood.
Thro' his rude scenes Benevolence holds place,
To chase the tear from off pale sorrow's face ;

Cheer the sad Husband and the faithful Wife,
And fain would smooth the rugged road of life.
A youthful Merchant ventures on this shore,
(Where many a Merchant has been seen before ;)
Ye sons of Commerce, grant your pow'rful aid,
And give your voices—in support of trade.
He adds thereto, to fill his varied scene,
A sprightly fair-one of no vulgar mien,
From Nature's School, with Virtue's precepts taught her,
A Yeoman's widow, and a Soldier's Daughter.

All English growth ! from garden, forest, field—
Some perfum'd flowers, while some a poison yield :
Who from his native land all ill can root ?
Ev'n Eden's Garden nurs'd forbidden fruit.
Our Author therefore, if his schemes you scan,
But shews the danger, to preserve the man.

If in these home-made scenes, he bade me say,
You aught can find to send you pleas'd away ;
If woe domestic can its griefs impart,
Or sportive pleasure animate the heart ;
At both he aims and should his schemes succeed,
Your gen'rous plaudits make him blest indeed !
If with your smiles you greet his first endeavour,
You bind him yours, for ever and for ever !

Costume.

GOVERNOR HEARTALL.

Grey cloth regimental coat, white waistcoat and breeches.—2nd Dress.
—Great coat and cocked hat.

FRANK HEARTALL.

Modern suit.

MALFORT SEN.

Old gentleman's black velvet suit. Camlet fly and cocked hat.

MALFORT JUN.

Modern suit.

FERRET.

Crimson coat and waistcoat, black velvet breeches, hat trimmed up behind.

TIMOTHY QUAIN.

Old fashioned brown coat, white cloth waistcoat, brown breeches, small cocked hat.

SIMON.

Drab suit, hat, &c.

THE WIDOW CHEERLY.

Pink satin dress, trimmed with blonde lace.

MRS. MALFORT.

White muslin dress, trimmed with cotton fringe.

MRS FIDGET.

Brown silk gown, blue quilted petticoat, white apron.

JULIA.

White frock.

SUSAN.

Coloured cotton gown:

MRS. TOWNLY.

Brown muslin dress.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is two hours and fifty-seven minutes. The first act occupies the space of thirty minutes—The second, forty—the third, thirty-five—the fourth, thirty-seven—the fifth, thirty-five.—The half-price commences, generally, at nine o'clock.

Persons Represented.

	1818.
	<i>Drury-lane.</i> <i>Covent-garden.</i>
<i>Governor Heartall</i>	Mr. Dowton.
<i>Frank Heartall.</i>	Mr. Elliston.
<i>Malfort Senior</i>	Mr. Powell.
<i>Malfort Junior</i>	Mr. Wallack.
<i>Captain Woodley</i>	Mr. S. Penley.
<i>Ferret</i>	Mr. Gattie.
<i>Timothy Quaint</i>	Mr. Penley.
<i>Simon</i>	Mr. Maddocks.
<i>William</i>	Mr. Ebsworth.
<i>George</i>	Mr. Evans.
<i>Townley</i>	Mr. Minton.
<i>John</i>	Mr. Appleby.
<i>James</i>	Mr. Buxton.
<i>Widow Cheerly</i>	Mrs. Mardyn.
<i>Mrs. Malfort</i>	Miss Boyce
<i>Julia</i>	Miss C. Carr.
<i>Mrs. Fidget</i>	Mrs. Sparks.
<i>Susan</i>	Mrs. Scott.
<i>Mrs. Townly</i>	Mrs. Maddocks.
	Mr. W. Farren.
	Mr. Jones.
	Mr. Egerton.
	Mr. Abbot.
	Mr. Comer.
	Mr. Chapman.
	Mr. Liston.
	Mr. Simmons.
	Mr. Healy.
	Mr. Crumpton.
	Mr. Penn.
	Mr. Louis.
	Mr. Heath.
	Miss O'Neill.
	Mrs. Faucit.
	Miss Boden.
	Mrs. Davenport.
	Miss Green.
	Mrs. Coates.

Stage Directions.

By R.H. - - - - -	is meant - - - - -	Right Rand.
L.H. - - - - -		Left Hand.
S.E. - - - - -		Second Entrance.
U.E. - - - - -		Upper Entrance.
M.D. - - - - -		Middle Door.
D.F. - - - - -		Door in Flat.
R.H.D. - - - - -		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D. - - - - -		Left Hand Door.

THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An anti-chamber in the House of Malfort, sen.*

(A very loud single knock at the outside Door, L.H.)

Enter WILLIAM, M.D. and SIMON, R.H. meeting.

Sim. Well, William--what--what's the matter now?

Will. Not much, master Simon; only Mr. Ferret's porter, to let you know that his master intends to call as he returns from 'Change.

Sim. Aye; like foul weather, he generally comes unsent for. Shall I tell you a secret, William?—I hate that man! I detest your sly, slow, hesitating friendships; plain honesty flows freely from the heart to the lips, and honour gives it utterance. *(A loud knock at the outer door.)* Heyday! Mr. Ferret's porter again, I suppose!

Will. (*Looking off*, M.D.) No; it is Mr. Ferret, himself.

Sim. Is it?—then begone, William—get about your business—have an eye to the door—look to the plate—let nothing be stolen, nothing be wasted.

Will. I am gone, old Careful.

[*Exit William*, M.D.]

Sim. Old Careful! 'Gad a'mercy, young Prateapace!

Fer. (*Within*, M.D.) What, in this room, is he?—Oh! very well.

Enter FERRET, M.D.

Fer. Hah, old Adage, are you there?

Sim. Yes, sir, I am here:—an old adage is better than a new face.

Fer. A new face?

Sim. Yes sir: some folks have a collection, and can wear the kind of countenance that best answers their purpose.

Fer. Well said, old boy!—ha, ha, ha!—Well; have you had any news from India, from my old friend, your master?

Sim. No—hav'nt you? 'Tis whispered that you have. Paper speaks when beards never wag.

Fer. I am his factor here; and, from his clerks, I sometimes have a hint of his domestic concerns.—But should he suddenly surprise us by his appearance, all things, I trust, are right, Simon—you understand me?

Sim. No--speak out : I am old, and dull of apprehension.

Fer. A hint should be enough, friend Simon : you know I am a plain, simple, straight-forward fellow--apt to talk too much, perhaps.

Sim. (*Slily.*) Or not enough, perhaps.

Fer. You know, master Simon, I can't flourish upon a subject ; but I do most heartily wish to make my worthy friend, my benefactor too, your honour'd master---(*Taking Simon's hand with the affectation of great kindness.*) I say, I could wish to set his heart at rest upon a subject that absorbs all other thoughts, and renders even his large possessions, his lands, his ingots, and accumulating wealth, mere unregarded dross.

Sim. Ay, I understand you *now*--our lost young master. It is a subject I never cared to touch upon--he can't bear it. After our good lady's death, and my old master went to take possession in the East, our young gentleman was left behind to adjust some family affairs, and then to follow--but no--oh dear, no--the hungry ocean will gape, and we fear our dear young master long since has been its prey.

Fer. I may be wrong. I am naturally anxious, you know. 'Tis true, your master, should he survive, most likely will expect from me, on his return, some satisfaction on this subject ; but is it the office of a man to make his patron miserable?--no. His letters have been filled with strong expressions of parental solicitude.

Sim. (*Catching him up.*) What--he has written then.

Fer. N--yes—yes—yes--on his first going abroad I certainly had letters—

Sim. Which you have answered like a consoling comforter.

Fer. No.

Sim. I thought so. (*Aside.*)

Fer. I have replied to them with caution. Poor Henry!—poor fellow! He has had many strange tossings and tumblings. I have had my emissaries at work, who have still kept an attentive eye upon his conduct; but his progress was velocity itself. Immediately after the departure of his father, he became what we call quite a *jolly dog*: while his cash lasted, he kept his horses, his hounds, his curricule—flashed at the court, drove through the city, got connected with the family of old Discount, the banker.

Sim. That was prudent, however. A worthy man!—Honesty and honour are a noble form;—'tis a partnership that misfortune alone can dissolve.

Fer. His son (a young profligate) and the younger Malfort became inseparable friends. His daughter,—what we call in the city, a dasher,—she, forsooth, caught your young master's fancy—in fine, he married her.

Sim. Heaven bless them!

Fer. A union, he well knew, that could never meet his father's wishes; he has therefore carefully concealed it from his knowledge. Then, business was the cry—young Discount and Malfort entered jointly therein—one foolish speculation followed up another--your young

master was drained—his own possessions sunk—his wife's fortune demolished—her father, heart-broken, died—his son, torn with shame and disappointment, fled, the lord knows whither; whilst poor Malfort, remained a ruin'd bankrupt, and his wife—

Sim. What? speak!

Fer. Why, perhaps the most helpless of heaven's afflicted creatures—a beggar'd fine lady.

Sim. Poor, pretty creature!—where are they now?

Fer. All my inquiries from this last stage of their situation have been fruitless—intirely fruitless—believe me, Simon.—(*As if he knew more but would not utter it.*) Good day, friend Simon! I am naturally anxious: but 'tis not my way to create uneasiness in the bosoms of my friends! Simon if my purse was large enough, they might all put their hands into it. (*Shaking Simon by the hand with great seeming affection.*) Good day!

[*Exit Ferret, M.D.*]

Sim. Ah! I doubt it much: your purse is like your heart—deep, but close. Oh, my poor young master!—Well—he was a generous youth: when but a mere boy, how I have seen him bestow his favours on the wretched; and stand, with moistened eye, to view poor naked children feed upon his bounty! and now, perhaps, he himself needs a benefactor, and pines in secret misery! My old heart cannot bear the thought. Well, there are many turnings in the road of life, and I perhaps, at length,

may find the path that leads to comfort; for I would gladly share even my last hard morsel with my master's son. *[Exit Simon, R.H.]*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Governor Heartall's House.*

Enter MRS. FIDGET, and TIMOTHY QUAIN, R.H.

Mrs. F. 'Tis no such a thing, Mr. Timothy:—give me leave to know the private concerns of a family that I have liv'd with before you were born.

Tim. If that's the case, they have no private concerns by this time: they are pretty public now.

Mrs. F. Jackanapes! Does it follow, because I indulge you with my communications, that all the world are to be instructed by me.

Tim. No; it doesn't follow, it generally goes before; you retail your knowledge every week-day in small paragraphs, and on Sunday, you rush forth yourself, fresh from the press—a walking journal of weekly communication!

Mrs. F. Well,—am I not right there, mongrel?—It is the moral duty of a christian to instruct the ignorant, and open the minds of the uninformed.

Tim. Yes; but you are not content with opening their minds, you open their mouths too, and set them a-prating for a week to come.

Mrs. F. It requires but little pains, however, to set you a prating. Such a tongue!—mercy

on me ! Gobble, gabble, prittle prattle, for ever and for ever !

Tim. Lord a mercy ! there's a plumper ! When I came to live in this house, I never opened my lips for the first quarter :—the thing was impossible ; your eternal clatter almost starved as well as dumfounder'd me : I could put nothing in or out of my mouth ; I was compelled to eat my victuals at midnight ; for, till you were as fast as a church, I was forced to be as silent as a tomb-stone.

Mrs. F. Why, sirrah !—jackanapes !—monkey !—His honour has suffered your impertinent freedoms, 'till you are become quite master of the house—and now I suppose you want to be mistress too.

Tim. So do you ; therefore we quarrel. Two of a trade you know,—

Mrs. F. But your master shall know of your tricks, your fancies, and your insolencies.—

Tim. Let him—he likes it : he says himself, I am an odd-fish—a thorn-back, I suppose, or I shouldn't be able to deal with an old-maid.

Mrs. F. Old-maid !—Slander !—impudence !—puppy ! Have I liv'd to this time of day to be call'd old maid at last ?—I never, till now, seriously wish'd to be married. Had I a husband—

Tim. If you had, he'd be the most envied mortal in England.

Mrs. F. Why, fellow ?—why ?

Tim. Because there's not such another woman in the kingdom. (*Bell rings, R.H.*)

Mrs. F. Don't you hear the bell, puppy ?

Tim. No—your clapper drowns it.

Mrs. F. My clapper? (*Violently.*)

Tim. Yes, your clapper. (*Calmly.*)

Enter SIMON, L.H.

Sim. O lord! what's to do here? Why here's a battle royal, between the young bantam and the old hen.

Tim. (*Perceiving Simon.*) Ah! master Simon --how do you do?

Sim. Honest Timothy! give me your hand. Where is the governor? I have something of importance to impart. Can I see him to communicate?

Tim. Aye, to be sure. Step with me, master Simon, and I'll introduce you to the governor directly: I haven't seen him this morning, therefore cannot tell you what sort of humour he's in; he lay down in a frenzy, last night, boiling with rage against his nephew. Mr. Ferret was here, and he always leaves the old gentleman in a stew.

Sim. What!—Old Blow-coal, as I call him?—If a dormant spark of animosity exists, his breath is sure to make it blaze.

Tim. Come, then, master, Simon, let me show you to the governor, and see if we cannot contrive to blow up this son of sulphur.

[*Exit Timothy, R.H.*

Sim. Have with you, my boy. (*Going.*)

Mrs. F. Mr. Simon, I shall expect you in my room, when your business is over, to taste my

cordial, and drink a safe return to your worthy master.

Sim. That I will with all my heart:—yet let me tell you, Mrs. Fidget, there is no cordial like a gentle temper—nor any beverage half so delicious as when it is sweetened by the lips of good humour.

[*She courtesies—they exeunt—Sim. R.H.
Mrs. F. L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*A plain Chamber.* MRS. MALFORT
discovered.

Mrs. Mal. How mournfully passes each sad hour with those on whom misfortune's burden rests ! Distress—accumulating distress—even the poignant dread of want ; a husband sinking beneath a load of worldly care, and a poor prattling innocent unconscious of her state, are now my sole possessions. A brother, banished by his own imprudence ! and my husband's father removed to climes far, far beyond inquiry, and ignorant of his son's desponding state—or, knowing it, perhaps, by evil tongues, or monstrous suggestions hardened to his sufferings. What then remains for me ? Despair ?—no—that power whose justice shields the weak and mourning sufferer, will shew its mercy also where fortune frowns—not guilt, nor pompous splendid vanity, have caused the sad reverse. Sweet patience be my comfort then—for I will not despair.

(*Sits herself at the table.*)

Frank Heartall. (Within, L.H.) Say you so, my little cherub? will you be my convoy? With such a pilot I cannot fail to make my port secure.

Enter JULIA and FRANK HEARTALL, L.H.

Julia. Mamma! here's a gentleman who says he wants to speak to you. (*Mrs. M. Just looks up, and then resumes her situation.*)

Frank H. A charming woman! but certainly not the person I last night traced to this house in her carriage from the opera.

Julia. (Pulling him by the coat.) Sir, this is my mamma; you said you had something very particular to say to her.

Frank H. Ye—ye—yes, my dear, very particular to a lady, as I thought in this house, but not to her.

Julia. Why, is not mamma a lady?

Frank H. Certainly, yes my dear, but—What can I think of all this? she seems absorbed in grief: poor girl! perhaps the neglected victim of some wealthy profligate, and this little prattler the offspring of her dishonour; left ungratefully to perish, while her seducer wantonly drives his curricule through the public streets, and unblushingly smiles upon each passing female. By heaven! had I my will, such wretches should wear an indelible stamp of infamy, that all good men might shun them, and women learn to abhor the traitors to their sex.

Mrs. M. (Coming forward.) Sir, your business, if you please.

Frank H. My business, madam, is—A delicate creature, by my soul ! (*Aside.*) Why really, madam, I—I—I cannot exactly tell you what my business is. I am here, led by a cherub into the presence of an angel ! I dare not rudely ask the cause of your affliction, but your appearance interests me, and I should feel the warmest gratification, in alleviating your sorrows.

Mrs. M. Sir, there is a frankness in your manner, which assures me of your sincerity ; but my uneasiness springs from a source of a domestic nature, in which the interference of a stranger cannot be effectual. I thank you, sir, and beg you will retire.

Frank H. Instantly, madam, at your command. (*Going returns.*) I am an odd volatile unthinking fellow ; always involved in some cursed scrape or other ; but I would not willingly bring a blush upon the cheek of modesty : pray pardon me, madam ; but I fear that you have been betrayed—yourself and little one abandoned to the world, unfriended and unknown.

Mrs. M. (In great affliction.) O heavens ! (*Turns up the stage, and sits down.*)

Julia. (Going to her.) Mamma, dear mamma !

Frank H. (Observing her.)—Yes,—my old luck !—I have done mischief : I have touched the string : her sensibility revolts at the awakened recollection of her situation, and she feels all the pangs of insulted innocence !

Mrs. M. (*During Heartall's speech appears to ask questions of the child, then coming forward,*) Sir, I now clearly perceive your mistake; you had conceived my child was instructed to bring you hither.

Frank H. Really madam, I—

Mrs. M. 'Tis a venial error, sir;—but you have equally mistaken my circumstances and situation. Nursed in the lap of affluence, I cannot descend to particularize to strangers why I am thus dejected and obscured; I beseech you, sir, as you are a gentleman, to retire; my husband's return is every moment expected—his appearance, therefore, might embarrass you, nor could it be fairly understood that you entered these apartments on the invitation of my child. (*Heartall bows to Mrs. Malfort, and is going off the stage when Malfort entering L.H., meets him.*)

Malf. I beg your pardon, sir—I have mistaken the apartment.—(*Frank H. bows, and looks confused.*)

Julia. (*Runs to Malf.*) Oh no, father! this is our drawing-room: yonder is mamma. 'Twas I asked the gentleman in to see us: I thought he wanted my mamma!

Malf. Indeed!

Julia. Yes, indeed.

Frank H. (*Aside.*) So, I am in for it again: my old luck!

Malf. Sir, I know not how to address you, nor can I guess your errand hither: if, from those who once called themselves my friends, you have been informed of my misfortunes; the

general wreck of my affairs—the total annihilation of my property; and in the pride of fullness and prosperity, are come to banquet on my miseries, or insult the virtue of my afflicted wife!—behold it all; indulge your malice, and begone:—I have not now the spirit to resent;—poverty can make us cowards as well as wretches.

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Frank H. (Aside.) Always running my head against stone-walls!—Why, look you, sir. You see me here, the slave of accident. Attracted by the charms of a lady I last night encountered at the opera, I traced her to this house; and guided by this little seraph, I entered this apartment. If beauty in distress, shining through virtuous tears, excited more than my common notice, it is the lot of man so far to err: but if I have offended her or you, devoutly I entreat your pardon; and I trust I may yet find an opportunity to convince you that while my eyes fill at the recital of your distresses, my heart pants with ardour to relieve them.

[*Exit Frank H. hastily, L.H.*]

Julia. (Coming forward.) Dear—dear! is the gentleman gone?—I'm so sorry! I'll run and see him to the door.

[*Exit Julia, L.H.*]

(*Malfort, with a deep sigh, throws himself into a chair. Mrs. Malfort comes from where she was seated, and leaning pensively on his shoulder, takes his hand, and looking tenderly on him, speaks---*)

Mrs. M. Henry!

Malf. My love? (*After much emotion.*) The trial is past. All is gone; the merciless credi-

tors have shared among them the little remnant of our all ; and we are left without a friend—a home—a shilling !

Mrs. M. And yet we may still be happy.

Malf. Never--never. I am marked by fate, a victim for despair. By heaven ! were it not for you and my poor suffering innocent, I'd not endure this weight of sorrow and disgrace. To bear the taunting mocks of bloated affluence !---pointed at as the ruined wretch, whom treacherous fortune crushed in her angriest mood, and levelled with the dust !---O, torture ! torture !

Mrs. M. Nay, for my sake, check these tumultuous passions. Consider, Henry : in your prosperous days, when did the unrelieved beggar pass your gate ? was your hand ever shut against the orphan's cry ? or did the wretched widow's plaint pass unheeded through your ear ? The power that punishes, can reward :—if vice, though late, must meet the scourge of retribution—virtue has claims that providence will foster.

Malf. Sweet comforter ! If you can endure, 'twere impious in me to murmur :—yet fate will have it so.—Oh ! could the best of fathers and of men—if yet he lives—pierce the gloom of distance which now obscures us from each others sight ; did he but know the virtuous partner of my sufferings, for whose sad sake, and my poor endearing little one, I thus am shook with agonizing torments ; his generous spirit would burst through all restraining bonds to banish misery, and all its haggard train of pale-faced sorrows !—

Oh ! multiplying horrors crowd upon my bewildered imagination !—Houseless !—friendless !—my wife ! my child !—defenceless and forlorn ! without the means of satisfying one scanty meal—too proud to beg---willing to toil, but unequal to the task---no hand to succour---no friend to advise---no faithful bosom to repose my sorrows on !

Mrs. M. Yes---here is a hand to succour---a friend to advise---a bosom to repose your sorrows on !

Malf. What have I said ?---forgive me Harriet, I shall be calm.

Mrs. M. O Henry !---distress, affliction, want of food and raiment, I could endure with you---barefoot and wretched, I could take my infant in these arms, and bear her proudly, though disgrace and misery marked my steps, would you but smile at fortune's angry frown, and bear your lot with patient manly suffering.

Malf. Oh ! (*In extreme agony and grief.*)

Mrs. M. It is for me you feel these strong emotions, and for my child---I know it, Henry ! Yet hope !---for what is not hope ? It is the prisoner's freedom, the sick man's health, the christian's consolation.

Malf. I cannot speak---I feel thee my superior, and am lost in wonder at thy virtues !---(*Throws himself into a chair R.H. extremely moved---she turns, looks at him, clasps her hands in an agony of sorrow and then seats herself L.H.---A pause.*)

Julia. (*Entering hastily.*) L.H. O dear---he's gone !---I never yet saw any stranger that I lov'd

so well :---When he talk'd of you, mamma, he sigh'd, grew pale as ashes, and wiped his eyes so often :---he asked me if I was fond of dolls and toys ?---I said "to be sure, sir---all little girls love their dolls."---Then, said he, take this money, my little angel, and let your mamma buy some for you---and then he kissed me---wiped his eyes---and stepp'd into a carriage.---Only look here, father!--La ! what nice thin paper he has wrapped it in!--(*Unfolding a dollar or crown-piece, she hands the coin to her mother, and shews the paper to her father.*)

Malf. (*Looking with astonishment on the paper.*) Oh, providence !---providence ;---Why should the wretch despair ?

Mrs. M. (*Observing Malfort---looks over his shoulder on the paper.*) Two hundred pounds !---Riches !---Happiness !---New life ! (*Sinks into his arms---the Child distressed and alarmed, catches her Mother's garment, and looks in her face with an anxious and solicitous concern.---Scene closes them in.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Governor Heartall's House.*

Enter FERRET and TIMOTHY, L.H.

Fer. Well, master Timothy--and so the governor is quite hearty you say.

Tim. Yes, sir—quite in good heart—I wish I could say as much for all his acquaintance.
(*Significantly.*)

Fer. You are right, Timothy—a good heart is now-a-days a scarce commodity to find.

Tim. Perhaps you find it so, sir;—for my part I never go abroad to look for one.

Fer. Indeed!—it may be so:—You have a master that has heart enough for all his family.

Tim. Yes—but the goodness of his heart is not domesticated—his is a kind of vagabond heart—that is for ever strolling; but it is in search of new objects to exercise its bounty on.

Fer. Well said, Tim:—You seem to know your master perfectly.

Tim. Yes, sir; I have lived with him some time;—and what perhaps you will think very extraordinary—I wish to die with him.

Fer. Very extraordinary, indeed.—But here is your master.

Enter GOVERNOR HEARTALL, R.H.

Good morrow, governor!—

Gov. Ah—old Ferret—how d'y'e do?

Fer. In my old way, governor—well and hearty;—but you—you look charmingly!

Gov. Do I?—You know that's not true!—I do not look charmingly—'Pshaw!—I hate your false compliments!—Well, old Ferret!—When have you seen my nephew?—what do you know of young Scapegrace?

Fer. Humph!—nothing—that is—nothing particular.

Gov. Then you do know nothing;—for every thing he does is particular—the strongest reasons I have for admiring the rascal are his particularities.—Sometimes he is particularly civil—at others particularly insolent;—now he is overcome by some poor wretch's particular distress—and particularly happy if he can relieve it;—he is particularly volatile upon all occasions that are not particular—and particularly miserable when I appear to be particular with him.

Fer. But when he squanders large sums upon his particular follies and charities—

Gov. I am sure he never keeps any particular account of them.

Fer. 'Twere better if he did.

Gov. I say no.—His open hand is his ledger, and his charities are registered on the hearts of the indigent.

Tim. That account is closed, Mr. Ferret:—you had better turn over a new leaf.

[*Exit Timothy, L.II.*

Fer. (*Looking after him.*) Puppy!—Well, governor, you certainly have a right to approve or disapprove of your nephew's conduct as you think proper—'tis no business of mine.

Gov. I know it.

Fer. But were he my nephew, and had I seen him watching and skulking after a poor innocent female from the country, unknown and unprotected in this great city—bribing landladies and servants to get to her apartments—

Gov. How! What do you say? (*Eagerly.*)

Fer. And on being disappointed there—shocking the modesty of a poor afflicted married woman in the same house, in which he was surprised by her husband, and called to such account, as made him cut a very silly figure—

Gov. What! Frank?

Fer. Nay, happy to part with a tolerable sum to quash the affair, and reconcile the parties.

Gov. My nephew?

Fer. I think, in such a case, his moral character is not so highly estimable as fawners or sycophants would describe it to you—nor does his conduct keep pace with the reputation necessary for an English merchant.

Gov. It's a lie, old Ferret;—I cannot believe it! (*Coolly.*)

Fer. Yes, all are liars who do not paint this youth in all the glowing tints of fancied excellence!—I know you could devour me now—give me to your dogs—because I tell you your nephew is not an angel!

Gov. No—you—you mistake me ; I wou'dn't have him an angel—but I would have him a man—an honest man—one that would set distraction at defiance—I would not have him a poor, petty, paltry cent. per cent. Gripus ;—I would have him in the most extensive sense of the word, an English merchant!—a patriot citizen, with skill and enterprise exerted to advance his country's prosperity—and a heart and spirit determined to maintain its honour.

Fer. Yet, while his wealth lasts, neither my advice, nor yours, nor the precepts of his late worthy father—which merely serve him now as amusement for his dissolute companions—can check his career down the hill of folly.

Gov. Laugh at the precepts of his father!—can he be such a profligate?—I'll give the rascal up for ever!—My precepts, heaven knows, are sometimes whimsical enough, and perhaps deserve to be laugh'd at—yet not by him, the dog!—But his father had a wise and steady head ; he was no weathercock, like me ; —he made his fortune at home at the desk, by black and white ;—damme I had nothing but blacks to make my fortune by ! (*Crosses to L.H.*) —Zounds, I'm as hot as Cayenne or Curry-powder—and if the rascal were to come in my way now, I should—(*Enter FRANK HEARTALL, L.H.* —*he runs into the Governor's open arms, who clasps him to his breast.*)—My dear, dear Frank !

Frank H. Uncle!—dearest uncle—best of uncles !

Gov. (Almost crying.) It's a lie, you dog!—I am the worst of uncles—for I press a profligate nephew to my bosom:—I look in his face, forget his villanies; and, unlike a parent or a friend, I uphold an impudent scoundrel, who deliberates the seduction of an innocent rustic creature, at the very moment he is destroying the peace of a distressed and wretched family.

Frank H. Me, uncle!—What—Mr. Ferret?—Pooh, you are joking!

Gov. Only look at the rascal, now!—look at that face of innocence!—Oh—you—you ugly hypocrite!

Frank H. Seducing rural innocence—destroying the peace of families—upon my soul, sir, these are serious charges!—Haven't I committed murder too?—shot a bishop's coach horse, or fired a church?

Fer. Turn the matter as you please, sir---did you not, last night, dodge from the opera a lady to a house in Jermyn Street?

Frank H. Yes, yes, I did---and a gentleman too---O you sly old poacher. (*To Ferret.*)

Gov. Eh!--What!--what's all this?

Fer. Can you deny that you have this day again beset her lodgings, bribed her landlady, and---

Frank H. (Crosses to centre.) Stop, my dear fellow, stop!--It's all true---I plead guilty so far---but curse me if ever I opened my lips to her.---She's an angel, by heaven!--fire, water, stone-walls, bolts, bars, grates, graves, or gates of adamant, shall not prevent me from an interview with that divine, that fascinating woman!

Gov. What the devil! the fellow's in the clouds now!

Frank H. O uncle! such a creature! old slyboots there knows her well enough!--

(*To Ferret.*)

Fer. Sir,—such observations are offensive!—She is above your calumny.

Frank H. I know it:—her mind is in her face—her eyes are mirrors that reflect her soul---her lips are truth and innocence; while each cheek presents the modest glow of health and virtue:—I die for her, by heaven!—I would break through all forms and—

Fer. Break through all forms? Aye, sir—and insult with rude ribaldry the distresses of an unfortunate family lodged in the same house.

Frank H. 'Tis false, by heaven!—I never yet entered the abode of the wretched to mock their miseries.

Gov. Answer to the charge, sir:—none of your heroics, but speak plainly:—if you are a scoundrel, tell me so---prove yourself a rascal—and I am satisfied.

Frank H. This is a land of liberty uncle, and I have no right to criminate myself;---however thus it was---you shall be my judge.

Gov. Speak honestly, you dog---for if the proof be only presumptive, I'll hang you on it without benefit of clergy!--

Frank H. I am an odd fellow, uncle---

Gov. You need not tell me that.

Frank H. I know you like me the better for it---

Gov. It's a lie!--but go on.

Frank H. At the opera last night I beheld an angel in company with old Cerberus there!-- (*looking at Ferret.*) I was almost mad, I own, and would have given half my fortune to have exchanged a sentence with her:--the emblem of innocence and purity---I watched her home---marked her lodgings---then drove to my house---talked to the clerks---looked at the supper table---housekeeper inquired if I wish'd for any thing particular---Yes, said I, a charming creature!--the woman stared---What will your honour have for supper?---Old Ferret---about two and twenty---such eyes---went to bed, tossed, tumbled---and dreamt of Arcadian beauties---sheephooks---garlands of wild daisies---and old Ferret:---this morning attacked my fortress afresh---it would not do---such a creature---her distress brought tears into my eyes---the sweetest little babe too---the most fascinating---and the man himself a gentleman to all intents and purposes---overwhelmed with affliction and half mad---my heart almost beat through my bosom---I could think of nothing---all was chaos---the angel-being---such a child---about two and twenty---my heart absolutely torn between love and sensibility---so that I began to---to---to---Upon my soul, uncle, I absolutely forget what I have been talking about.

Fer. Aye---you make a fine story of it!

Gov. Why, what the devil are you at, sir?---Supping upon an old Ferret of two and twenty---and dreaming of sheep-hooks and daisies!--

Zounds sirrah ! do you take me for a fool or a madman ?

Frank H. Neither, my dear uncle, neither : but you must not quarrel with me for little irregularities. When they become vices---consider them in their worst light, and kick me out of your doors !

Gov. Hey ! he begins to talk sense now !

Frank H. I own, I feel myself smitten with a woman, whose honourable alliance, from report, would not discredit my family, and with your leave I am determined honourably to pursue her. Is this seduction ?

Gov. Humph ! no.

Frank H. I have seen a beauteous woman bathed in the tears of misery, and a man of honour driven by misfortune to despair : if, by stretching my hand with what I could well spare, I have alleviated their calamities---have I in this act meditated the destruction of their peace ?

Gov. (*Feelingly.*) No.

Frank H. Then where's my offence, and what my punishment ?

Gov. This (*Embracing him.*)---live for ever in your uncle's heart ! you were your father's last legacy to his loving brother---an odd, choleric, impatient, foolish old fellow, who wishes not to see his nephew resemble any other man,---if you were to be exactly what I would have you, you would be,---yes, you dog, you would be---damme, you'd be kick'd out of society for not bearing a

resemblance to any thing in human nature!
(*Shakes his hand.*—*Ferret, during this speech, gets round to L.H.*)

Fer. Well, governor---it makes me more than happy to see you reconciled to your nephew. I am naturally anxious---a plain man, you know: but youth will have its fling; and the more we check it in its career, perhaps the more restive we find it.

Frank H. Right, Mr. Ferret; yet sly insinuation will sometimes warp the heart of benevolence, and the warm levity of youth cannot always justify its failings against the cold cautions of premeditated hypocrisy. Good morning, sir!
(*Looks severely at Ferret, bows respectfully to his uncle and exits, R.H.*)

Gov. Eh, what, what's all that about hypocrisy? I don't understand---hypocrisy!

Fer. But I do (*Aside.*) Nor I: your modern orators have a method of saying a number of hard words without much meaning; good day, governor; I have business. (*Takes the Governor's hand.*) Your nephew is a good lad,—but have an eye upon him! [*Exit, L.H.*]

Gov. Ha, ha, ha! poor honest soul! he is as watchful of that boy, and as pettish when he hears of his little errors, as his father would be: well; he shan't lose by it, for I have remembered him handsomely in my will. I should like to see this wench that Frank has fix'd his affections upon; I warrant she's a rare one, for the rogue has the family taste! How the dog described her—eyes, and cheeks, and lips!—and

oh, the amorous young villain!—I ought to have been his father, for I was violently in love with his mother; but my brother, a fine tall handsome scoundrel, marched in like a great turkey-cock, put me aside with one of his wings, and looked as if he would gobble me up for presuming to think of such a creature; so I retired in confusion; went to the Indies and forgot her, and led a merry bachelor's life ever since. Merry did I say?—ah!—no, not merry! I hate bachelors—that is, I mean, old single gentlemen—Then let my boy be married: he shall have a comfort that I never enjoyed myself—zounds, it must be a great comfort, for I have observed that even those who have the worst of it, who scold, brawl, and wrangle 'till they are black in the face, and swear never to see one another more; are miserable 'till they make it up, and rush again into each other's arms.—A fig then for scolding wives, crying children, pen-money, alimony, or any money but matrimony—my boy shall be married!

[Exit, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*The Widow Cheerly's lodgings.*

Enter the WIDOW CHEERLY and SUSAN, L.H.

Wid. Nay, nay,—for shame, Susan!—for shame—What must the gentleman think?—how could you continue in conversation with a stranger for such a length of time?

Susan. La! ma'am—because he talk'd of nothing but you.

Wid. Me!—why—what could a man see in me to talk about?

Susan. I'm sure I can't tell ma'am.—But hi, hi, hi!—well—he's a droll one to be sure!

Wid. Well, but what does he want?—Who is he?

Susan. La, ma'am! he saw you at the opera last night.

Wid. Aye?—Is it him?

Susan. Yes, ma'am—Our landlady, Mrs. Townly, says he is a great merchant—a banker, I believe, ma'am, in the city; that he's the best creater in the world—every body loves him!—O! he has call'd you such names!

Wid. Names!

Susan. Yes, ma'am—all manner of names:—Cupids, and Pollys!—and Florys and Phæbes!

Wid. The girl is half mad!

Susan. If such a sweet gentleman had said so much to me, I'm sure I should be whole mad!—ha! ha!

Wid. Why, Susan, you are not in the country now:—this is London, child!—and if all here is not deceitful, this certainly is the most disinterested place upon the face of the globe;—every morning and evening the public prints give you caution, advice, and intelligence unsolicited;—the reviewers gratuitously tell you what books are fit for your perusal;—and almost every shopkeeper sells his goods at prime cost. What can be more liberal?

Susan. La, ma'am, you're right!--it's not a bit like the country:—there we are so starch'd, and so quizzical; with our double Barcelona handkerchiefs, and our long petticoats:—the ladies in Lon'on don't care who sees their necks and their ancles.—I hopes never to see the filthy country again!

Wid. And I, Susan, am miserable until I get there. That gentleman's extraordinary conduct at the opera, last night,—his eyes absolutely—Plague take the fellow!--Now he has found me out, I don't know what may be the consequence!

Susan. La, ma'am—he was here this morning!

Wid. Here!—Where?

Susan. He popp'd into the gentlefolk's apartments that lodges here above;—and came running out, with his handkerchief to his face,—and look'd so sorrowful!—Between ourselves, ma'am, all is not right there, I believes;—far as I can larn, poor souls, all is low enough!

Wid. Aye, Susan—I am but little acquainted with city manners; and though my heart feels for their distresses, it might be reckoned impertinent curiosity to inquire into their circumstances.

Susan. Well, ma'am; for my part, I am but a silly country girl: I don't care about your Lon'on fashions not I—and I should'nt stop a bit at flying into that there lady's room, and popping into her lap whatever your ladyship thought proper to relieve her with;—for I'm sure she wants it,—and I had rather she should think me unmannerly, than unfeeling!

Wid. No, no, my girl—it must be better managed. From the glimpse I have had of her, as I passed, her appearance promises a tender sensibility—her situation must increase that feeling; and under such circumstances we cannot be too delicate.

Susan. That's very true, ma'am. Shall I step in and say you wish to speak with her?

Wid. Yes ;--No--Stop ;--I'll introduce myself. (*Opens a desk, takes out a pocket-book, sits down and writes.*) You may go down, Susan.

Susan. Very well ma'am. If she can relieve them, how happy it will make her! Sure as can be, that banker gentleman would assist them, if he wa'n't asham'd to go about it, I warrant me. --O, bless her! There would be more good servants in the world, if every poor girl had half so good a mistress. (*Aside as she exits, L.H.*)

Wid. Plague take that fellow at the opera!—how the man distracts me! A banker!—Aye, some fortune-hunting spendthrift, I warrant me, —that has heard of a young foolish widow, fresh from the country, with a good estate in her own possession,—and has set up an ideal bank, that she may give credit to his affections. When I first caught his eye, his face seemed all intelligence! and I durst not look upon him after. Heigho!—not look upon him—why?—Why, because I—Devil take the fellow!—No, no, I must never be a wife again.—I'm spoiled for that—indulg'd beyond what husbands should allow ;--and so unrestricted, that I scarcely knew I had a husband until I lost him. Oh heavens!

what am I about?—Aye,—self, self, self. In my own silly concerns I forget the distresses of my unfortunate neighbours. If I find them worthy, my purse they shall freely share; and I hope it will not prove the less acceptable for being the widow's mite. [Exit, L.H.]

SCENE III.—*The Apartments of Malfort, jun.*

Mr. and Mrs. MALFORT, discovered. JULIA dressing a doll.

Malf. The more I reflect upon that stranger's generous conduct, the more my perplexity—the greater my amazement. His undisguised and easy manner strongly indicate he had no sinister intent.

Mrs. M. Believe me, no—his face was the index of a benevolent heart: and as he cast a look of sorrow on our sufferings, the tear of sympathy bedewed his cheek, and almost choaked his utterance.

Julia. Mamma, when will that good gentleman come again? I shall be so glad to see him!

Mrs. M. Shall you, Julia?

Julia. I shall, indeed, mamma!—he'll be surprised to see my new doll! I have called it after him!

Mrs. M. Indeed!—Do you know his name?

Julia. No.

Mrs. M. Then what do you call your doll?

Julia. I call it miss Good-gentleman!—(They smile.)

Wid. (*Without, L.H.*) Very well, Susan—you'll find me here in the drawing-room.

Malf. A stranger's voice ! Who can this be ?

Mrs. M. Nay, I know not, my dear.

Malf. A lady, and coming hither ! I'll retire into this closet. (*Malf. retires, taking Julia with him, at D.F. L.H.*)

The WIDOW enters, L.H.

Mrs. M. (*Curtsies.*) Madam !

Wid. Madam !—(*Looks about as if she had mistaken the room.*) My dear madam, I beg ten thousand pardons :—this is not my apartment ?

Mrs. M. No, madam.

Wid. I really know not what apology to make for this seeming intrusion.

Mrs. M. It requires none.

Wid. I am a volatile, unthinking creature, madam : a widow ; but lately left upon my own hands ; an estate at my disposal, of more than I can manage : this is my first visit to London, and if my manners are rustic or unpolished, I trust your good-nature will find an excuse for them in the sincerity of my intentions.

Mrs. M. Oh, madam, fashion has banished ceremony ; and familiarity and good-breeding are now become synonymous terms.

Wid. So I am told, and I am quite glad to hear it. I shall stay in London all the winter, that I may be able to take down into the country with me as many free airs and easy graces,

as will completely stock the parish till the commencement of the next season.

Mrs. M. (Sighing.) You have charming spirits, madam.

Wid. Yes, madam; an easy mind sets the imagination afloat. Those that are dull, I would fain make merry; and those that are already cheerful, I would fain keep so. Good spirits, I believe, like a good temper, cannot be well attained;—they are both constitutional; and those that possess either, cannot be too thankful for the blessing.

Mrs. M. Yet circumstances, madam, may depress the spirits, and misfortunes sour the temper. There are those who have been blessed with both, in whom they are now destroyed.

Wid. Aye!—I would I knew them; for I have been told that I have a facility in raising the spirits, and creating good humour, wherever I appear.—I wish you could introduce me to them:—are they friends of yours?

Mrs. M. Yes, madam:—my nearest—dearest friends; in whose delightful society I have shared the sunshine of their splendour; and from whom, though in deepest misery, I can never depart.

Wid. The very beings I wish to be acquainted with: you must introduce me. Dear, dear London! You cannot meet with any thing like this in the country. Where is the use of houses, parks, woods, and orchards, where every body has houses, woods, and orchards? Bring me to the distress and houseless; under my humble,

happy roof, they shall enjoy, at least, a temporary repose; and in the interim fortune may again smile, and in her merriest mood invite them back to home, to peace, and plenty.

Mrs. M. You, madam, I perceive, are one of those chosen few, on whom fortune has not blindly poured her favours. Your bounty flows from humanity's true source—the fountain of benevolence.

Wid. Benevolence! not at all, madam: I am, in fact, a sensualist in the clearest sense of the word: self-gratification is the spring of all my actions. I am young madam; richly left; my own mistress to all intents and purposes; why then should I think of hoarding wealth I can never want, while many, a thousand times more worthy than myself, are perishing for the means of present sustenance? What can be more voluptuous than to behold the cripple throw by his crutch, whom your humanity has healed?—Can luxury be more highly gratified than in viewing the famished wretch eat cheerfully of the meal your charity prepared for him? Can the heart of vanity feel a more triumphant joy than when the unfortunate and meritorious condescend to share your roof, and smile complacent on the comforts you afford them?

Mrs. M. Yours are the sentiments of true philanthropy;—modest misfortune shrinks into its dreary confine, and eats, with heavy heart, its tear-washed crust.

Wid. I perceive, madam, I have been guilty of intrusive impertinence. (*Preventing Mrs. M.*

from replying.) Nay, I beseech you, madam,—I rattle strangely, and wish, with all my soul, I could impart to you a portion of my overflowing spirits:—but I have a sovereign remedy for vapours, if you would permit me to prescribe for you.

Mrs. M. The medicine that comes from so kind a physician requires no adventitious aid to make it palatable.

Wid. Your frankness charms me, madam—In this little family receipt-book you will find a short but certain system to banish temporary misfortunes, and check the progress of approaching calamity. (*Mrs. M. seems to refuse it.*) Nay, madam—'tis but a short maxim—and I trust not wholly unworthy of your perusal:—If, when you know me better, yourself and friends will add to the comforts of my rural cot, by sharing all its pleasures with me, the blessing of cheerfulness shall at least attend you—we'll laugh together at the frowns of fate, and fortune herself shall not appear amongst us unless she comes smilingly clad in the robes of good-humour.—Nay, no ceremony. [Exit, L.H.]

(*Mrs. M. sees her to the door—curtsies.*)

Mrs. M. How strange is all this—the cheerful ease—the unaffected benevolence of that charming woman's conversation—recalls the memory of happier days—and for a while assuages sorrow.

MALFORT enters from the Closet, (Rings.)

Mrs. M. And now believe me, Henry, in the

higher walks of life the greater number of our sex have hearts that feel distress, and bounteous hands outstretched for its relief, whose pride it is to succour modest genius, and bind round the brow of merit the laurel of reward. But here is the lively widow's recipe for cheerfulness—peruse it.—(*Gives him the pocket-book.*)

Malf. (*He opens it, and taking from it a bank-note, looks at it with astonishment.*) A bank-note? can it be? (*Gives it to Mrs. Malfort.*)

Mrs. M. Henry!—What—shall we?—(*As if she asked to go and return it.*)

Malf. Stay—here is something written:—
(*Reads.*)

Madam,

When we can do good, the ceremony that prevents it is wicked. From this you will understand, I have been informed that certain untoward circumstances have given a temporary derangement to your family affairs; as an immediate supply may be indispensably necessary, I have, perhaps impertinently, taken this method of presenting it. I can only be convinced that you forgive the liberty I have taken, by you and your family honouring my house in the country, with your presense, until the smiles of fortune shall supercede the frowns of adversity;—where your comfort and accommodation shall be the peculiar care of her, whose heart feels the most lively sorrow at your disappointments.

CHARLOTTE CHEERLY.

Merciful heaven!—how wondrous are thy bounties!—Wickedly desponding, I resigned myself

a victim to despair—scorning the counsel of a gentle comforter, and impiously repining at the decrees of fate :—when at the very moment that haggard Famine unveiled his care-worn face,—smiling Plenty steps in to drive the monster hence—to chide the misbelieving sufferer—and prove how dire, how deadly is his crime, who doubts the justice of unerring providence.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Widow's Apartments.*

The WIDOW and FRANK HEARTALL, Enter, L.H. laughing.

Wid. Ha, ha, ha!—Upon my word, sir—I perceive you are perfectly an adept in fashionable manners; and stand upon little ceremony.

Frank H. None at all, madam;—we merchants pride ourselves upon the bluntness of our manners and the plainness of our dealings.

Wid. Indeed, sir?

Frank H. Yes, indeed, madam; we'll transact you an hundred thousand pounds worth of business in a morning without so much as a yes or a no:—the pen that crosses the mouth is an em-

blem of silence ; but, if we are compelled to answer questions we always keep in the counting-house a dumb, but candid orator, that is sure to speak honourably for us.

Wid. A dumb and honourable orator!—who is that, pray?

Frank H. The ledger.

Wid. But now you are out of the counting-house I perceive your eloquence is not of that mute nature—You are no ledger.

Frank H. You shall find me as faithful, madam.

Wid. 'Tis not my business to examine your accounts, sir—But should I bring you to book—withstanding all your boasted regularity, there is something in that sly countenance that tells me you have sometimes staked your credit at too great a venture. In the case of a consignment now, we'll say—For instance—a lady's heart—

Frank H. Oh!—Errors excepted!

Wid. What! you own it, do you?

Frank H. Yes, madam—in a mercantile way. Look you, madam: I am a plain fellow; neither more nor less than the character I boast, and hope I shall never disgrace—an English Merchant;—I throw down no man's enclosure—trample upon no man's corn—take nothing from the industrious labourer—pay the poor man for his work—and communicate my profit with mankind:—I trust I have a heart to succour the distressed—and what I can fairly spare I distribute freely. If you can take for granted an odd

wild fellow's report of himself, there it is—you have it, madam.

Wid. Why, really, sir, I never heard a better character,—and if you could contrive to get it backed by the church-wardens of your parish, I might perhaps give a little credit to it.

Frank H. Well, madam—if you cannot credit the character you have just now had of me, from a devilish honest fellow, I must even refer you to your friend Mr. Ferret. He perhaps may be better acquainted with me than I am with myself;—he knows me.

Wid. He hinted as much. (*Dryly.*)

Frank H. Did he? then that's all you can expect from him: he hinted to me that he knew you, but the devil a syllable more could I get out of the old close-lipped curmudgeon.

Wid. My situation, sir, is above disguise. I am the daughter of a gallant officer, who served his country nobly: and, retiring to the humble vale of rural seclusion, at an advanced age he died; bequeathing to his son and daughter his sole possessions—his laurels and his honour.

Frank H. Envable, madam, though not substantial.

Wid. Now, sir, I am my own mistress—accountable for my actions to no person living.

Frank H. I know it.

Wid. I am a single woman.

Frank H. I know it.

Wid. But have been married.

Frank H. I know it.

Wid. My husband dead.

Frank H. (Aside.) Thank heaven!—I know that too.

Wid. A free disencumbered estate—

Frank H. Damn the estate! I beg your pardon ma'am—don't mention the estate. You are single—that's enough:—you have been married—Did you like the state?

Wid. Yes—I think I did.

Frank H. Humph—think you did!—Fond of your husband?

Wid. Humph—Y—es—I think I was:—I was married but three years—didn't see much of him.

Frank H. Wha—wha--what!—not in three years?

Wid. No--the sports of the field charmed him from his home always at day break—himself and his friends generally returned in the evening time enough for a late dinner--drank their wine and went to bed:--the next morning—

Frank H. Well, madam—the next morning?

Wid. The same career commenced again--and so on to the end of the third chapter.

Frank H. And for heaven's sake madam, how did you behave?

Wid. Why, sir—how should I behave?

Frank H. Upon my soul, I can't tell, madam—but I think I could contrive to get you a lesson in some married family between Piccadilly and Aldgate.

Wid. I was always happy to see him return in health and spirits. His eyes sparkled with plea-

sure when I met him at the gate : and, as he introduced me to each new guest, he would say, " This is my wife—look at her—she has a heart as open as my wine cellar.—My hall is heaven to me whenever I enter it.—Kiss me, my girl ; make my friends welcome ; and let's have a good dinner."

Frank H. And tho' thus neglected—you complied.

Wid. Neglected ? I never felt it in that sense. The strong prejudice of his education rendered his habits unconquerable ;—an attempt to counteract them on my side must naturally produce strife :—besides, it was his only failing ; for he was open, generous, hospitable, and manly—his whole estate was at my disposal, either to gratify my vanity in all the little time-serving foppery of my sex, or in the more solid sensations of relieving human misery.

Frank H. He was a good man—upon my soul, he was a good man—but rather too fond of hunting :—Had I such a wife--

Wid. You'd be fond of hunting too : Nay—in open defiance of the laws, trespass, perhaps, upon your neighbour's manor.

Frank H. Upon my word, you wrong me, madam---but your good humour charms me ; your eyes first enslaved my heart---and your temper rivets my chain :—how shall I convince you that I love you ?---

Wid. To what purpose would you convince me ?---You have a heart ventured on another voyage : when it returns you may calculate the

profit and loss---if you find it still marketable, perhaps the bargain may be offered---to our house.

Frank H. Though you speak in my own phrase, I don't understand you, madam.

Wid. No ?---that's surprising :---pray, sir, have you not visited another lady in this house ?---

Frank H. Madam---a---no---ther lady ?

Wid. Yes---sir, another lady :---to whom you were pleased to say, as I am informed, abundance of civil things.

Frank H. Madam !

Wid. You were much struck with her person, and felt a lively concern for her misfortunes---

Frank H. Upon my honour, madam, you---you---(*Aside.*) yes, at it again---another scrape !

Wid. A husband---will sometimes be an unmannerly intruder ; and if a gentleman can sneak out of such a situation in a whole skin---

Frank H. He certainly has no right to be displeased with his adventure.

Wid. Am I right, sir ?

Frank H. Yes, madam---the entries are pretty fair---but as to the sum total---

Wid. Oh !---Errors excepted !

Frank H. Ha, ha, ha ! That I have accidentally conversed with a lady in this house, does not admit of a doubt : but let the result of that interview be what it may---my heart approves, and my conscience cannot reproach me with it.

Enter GEORGE, L.H.

Geo. Mrs. Malfort, if you are alone, madam, would speak with you on particular business.

Wid. (*Aside.*) Now for it!—I am alone: beg of her to step in. [*Exit, George, L.H.*]

Frank H. I'll retire, madam.

Wid. Oh, by no means! You know the lady.

Frank. H. Not I, madam. Malfort! I know no lady of the name.

Wid. (*Significantly.*) Indeed, sir?

Frank. H. No; indeed, madam—I have heard my uncle mention a gentleman of that name, a very intimate friend of his, now, I believe in the Indies.

Wid. But no lady of that name comes within the circle of your acquaintance.

Frank H. No, upon my honour, madam.

Enter MRS. MALFORT, L.H.

(*Widow receives her with great cordiality.*)

Wid. My dear Mrs. Malfort, ten thousand welcomes.—Mr. Heartall—Mrs. Malfort. (*Introducing her, and looking significantly at Heartall.*)

Frank H. This Mrs. Malfort?—Madam—I—I—am happy to—(*Confused and bowing.*)

Mrs. M. Sir—the pleasure of this opportunity—is—a—circumstance that—

Frank H. My dear madam, don't mention it—I wish, I wish entirely to—I wish—(*Aside.*) I wish the ice was set in, and I was over head and ears in the New River!

Wid. You don't know the lady, sir;—what is the matter with you?

Frank H. In for it again! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. M. Madam—after a fair perusal of your book—by which I have marked indelibly the spirit of its contents upon my heart—I beg to return it unimpaired!—unless the tear of gratitude may have soiled the leaf whereon the hand of benevolence had written its inscription.

Wid. My dear Mrs. Malfort—we'll talk over that matter another time: I positively cannot receive it now. Do you know, madam, that this gentleman has been making a tender of his affections to me, with all the freedom of an old dangler—tho,' bless the man! I hav'n't known him above a dozen hours.

Mrs. M. Some men, madam, are easier known in that short space than others in half a century: The woman who dares entrust her heart to that gentleman,—will, in my mind, find a heart to keep it company.

Wid. A great many, I believe, madam: Oh, he looks like a young Blue-Beard!—a fellow that has no more mercy upon poor women's hearts, than his predecessor had upon their heads.

Frank H. Upon my word, madam, this is cruel:—I am much afraid you have had but an indifferent character of me.

Wid. My good friend—I have had no character at all of you:—You must positively get a certificate from your last place, before I can take you into my service.

Enter GEORGE, L.H.

Geo. A servant from your uncle, sir—says he knows you are here, and must see you directly. (*Frank H. Going to cross, is prevented by the Widow.*)

Wid. You positively must not stir.—Send the servant up. [*Exit, George, L.H.*]

Frank H. My dear madam, permit me to see him below-stairs—He is the strangest creature—

Wid. No, no; let us have him—I like strange creatures. Be thankful—it mends your chance.

Enter TIMOTHY, L.H.

Frank H. What, Timothy—you have found me out?

Tim. Yes, sir—we have ferreted you!

Frank H. What, I am obliged to him,---am I?

Tim. If you think it an obligation, there it is due.

Frank H. I am afraid I owe him many such.

Tim. I believe you do.—I don't know what he has been saying, but the governor blows a tornado:—he has been in five and twenty humours in three and twenty minutes;---I left him ordering the carriage: he swears he'll follow, and blow you up as high as Cape Finis-

terre. So I thought I'd trot on before and give you the hard word.

Frank H. Thank you, Timothy---you are an honest fellow.

Tim. Not I, bless you---I'm no honest fellow---I am as great a rogue as old Ferret---only it's in another kind of way.

Wid. Indeed, Mr. Timothy?

Tim. Fact, madam :---I'm a very great villain---If I did not every night persuade my master that his nephew was a most consummate scoundrel, no rhetoric would convince him in the morning that he was an honest man.

Wid. Ha, ha, ha! But if he acts so much by contraries, how can Ferret's insinuations injure his nephew?

Tim. Because, ma'am---they are insinuations---damnable hints---and diabolical inuendoes :---never speaks bolt-out-right!---a toad in a hole, that spits his venom all around him, but can't get out of his circle.

Wid. Ha, ha, ha!---You have a pleasant time of it among them all, Mr. Timothy.

Tim. Bless you, ma'am, I like it :---I am an odd fish, master says, and love to swim in troubled waters :---I never laugh at his good-humours, nor frown at his infirmities; I always keep a sober steady phiz---fix'd as the gentleman's on horse-back at Charing-Cross: and in his worst of humours---when all is fire and faggots with him---if I turn round and coolly say, "Lord, sir, has any thing ruffled you?"---he'll burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, and exclaim---"Curse

that inflexible face of thine--though you never suffer a smile to mantle on it, yet it is a figure of fun to all the rest of the world!" (*All laugh.*)

Wid. This gentleman, I presume, Mr. Timothy, is rather a favourite of yours.

Tim. I can't tell, madam---I have fought many a battle for him, and I am afraid there will be many more fought on his account when the ladies begin to know him about half as well as I do.

Wid. Ha! ha! ha! What, are the ladies to quarrel about him too?

Tim. Yes---I think there will be some pulling of caps!--but all for the good of trade; the destruction of lace will draw down the blessing of Bond street on him.

Frank H. Well, Timothy---I shall see the governor, and endeavour to appease his wrath.

Tim. I am going: I see what you are about here;---a fine creature---lucky rogue---But mum---I say nothing.

Frank H. Well---well---you are a good fellow, Timothy---and I shall find a time to reward your kindness.

Tim. Don't mention it:---I have taken the liberty of trotting hither on a message of self-gratification---when I am sent on one, I shall be proud to taste the sweets of your honour's bounty.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Frank H. Ha, ha, ha! Poor Timothy!

Wid. Upon my word, this Mr. Ferret, seems a dangerous man. But he is one of my husband's executors; and under his protection I am here.

Frank H. I should like to take the trouble off his hands—Cou'dn't you make a transfer?

Wid. Do you hear him, Mrs. Malfort!—Transfer!—I shall never be able to keep this poor man out of the stocks.

Frank H. In plain English, madam—I love you—with all the sincerity and honour of an honest man.

Wid. Lord a'mercy! what is the creature at?

Frank H. That best of men, my uncle is deluded by a fiend—whose schemes I could instantly counteract; but must not, in pity to an old man's caprice; for though I am independent of my uncle's wealth, I am not of his affection.

Wid. Give me leave to ask, who is your uncle, sir?

Frank H. A gentle-hearted humourist, madam,—old Governor Heartall.

Wid. Late from India?

Frank H. But a few years since, madam.

Wid. (*Aside.*) Heavens!—the most intimate friend of my father.

Gov. (*Within L.H.*) Here?—What, here—in this apartment?—a rascal! a dog!

Wid. What bustle is this?

Frank H. My dear madam—it is my uncle—(*Aside.*) what the devil shall I do?—For heaven's sake, madam excuse the frailties of age—forgive the whimsicalities of a poor old man!

Wid. Don't fidget yourself—'tis hard indeed if I can't manage an old man.

GOVERNOR enters L.H. followed by FERRET, they go over to R.H., FRANK H. crosses behind to L.H.

Gov. A scoundrel!—a sneaking, lying villain!—all cant and hypocrisy! to ruin families by wholesale. Where is this widow witch?

Wid. Mr. Ferret—you were my husband's executor—I didn't know you were my groom of the chambers also. (*With asperity.*)

Fer. Madam—I am naturally anxious; when I know the nephew of my friend is rendering himself odious or contemptible, I stand upon no ceremony to reclaim him.

Frank H. (*Aside.*) I shall never keep my temper—I must cut that fellow's throat!

Gov. Madam, I ask your pardon, I perceive I have press'd in rudely here.

Wid. Sir—you are most heartily welcome—I have often heard my late much-lov'd father mention governor Heartall—with more than pleasure, with the affection of a sincere friend.

Gov. Ay—indeed! Who was he, pray?

Wid. Colonel Woodley.

Gov. What, Jack?—honest Jack—worthy Jack—Jack Woodley?—Old Ferret, is this the widow?

Fer. Yes. (*Dryly on R.H.*)

Gov. Ay? (*Looking stedfastly at her.*) I can't perceive that malignant smile, that devil in her countenance, which you say is the sure index of a shrew, and must render a husband miserable.

Fer. (*Harshly.*) Put on your spectacles.

Gov. I will—(*He takes out his spectacles—while he rubs the glasses with his handkerchief, the Widow, smothering a laugh, turns up the stage; F. Heartall advances and takes her place—the Governor puts on his spectacles, and turning to look at the Widow, sees F. Heartall.*) Why, sirrah!—are you not a villain? confess yourself a scoundrel. You would unite yourself to a profess'd termagant—whose tongue has already sent to an early grave, a loving husband—and thus embitter all your future days: a Xantippe—(*F. Heartall hurt at the Governor's reproaches, turns up the stage, and Mrs. Malfort comes into his place, as if she meant to mediate for him.*) An angel!—madam, I beg a million of pardons—(*F. Heartall comes down on the other side—the Widow between him and the Governor, who turns that way, supposing F. Heartall next him.*) A rascal! to fix his affections upon a devil incarnate—A cherub! by all that's heavenly! (*Ferret retires and sits at L.H. side of the table.*)

Wid. (*Aside to F. Heartall.*) Oh, I see—I see it all now!—I have caught his humour, and shall have some sport with him. (*Aloud.*) Did I ever tell you that story, my dear madam, of my father colonel Woodley?

Gov. What, a story about Jack?—come, let us hear it!

Wid. It is a Bengal story, sir—a great way off.

Gov. So much the better;—now for it!

Wid. Well, sir, thus it was. One summer's evening, after a hard day's march over burning

sands—and expansive wilds—fatigued and weary—the colonel and his hungry regiment, with all their little train of tired women and poor children—faint and exhausted, 'spied the mansion of a certain governor.

Gov. This is a good one—Go on—ha, ha, ha! —Poor Jack!

Wid. The colonel dispatched one of his sergeants to say that Woodley and his hungry soldiers rested on their arms at the governor's gate.—“What Jack?” said the governor—

Gov. “Honest Jack?” said the governor—“worthy Jack?”

Wid. “Jack and his soldiers hungry?” said the governor.—“Yes, please your honour,” said the serjeant,—“and their wives and children too.”---“I am glad of it---for here is plenty---Let the rogues come in,” said the governor:---“my delight is to see the hungry feed---and shield from inclemency the limbs of the naked.”---

Gov. Said the governor the little drummers mustered up all the strength they had left, and beat up such a tantarara!---while the poor soldiers and the women shouted till my plantation echoed again!

Wid. Yours, sir? (*Pretending surprise.*)

Frank H. Yours, uncle?

Gov. Yes, mine, you dog!---I marched down the avenue to usher them in---the women fell upon their knees, poor things, and prayed, and blessed me as they entered;---their parched lips could scarcely give vent to the feelings of their hearts, but their streaming eyes spoke volumes of thanksgiving.

Wid. (To Mrs. Malfort.) Now, observe---
(Aloud.) Aye, sir,---but the serjeant's wife!

Gov. Ay---that was the best of all---Poor soul!--she was sinking beneath the weight of two fine children---I just hobbled up time enough to catch her falling burden; and bore the little chubby rogues triumphantly in my arms! They look'd delighted at each other---played with my hair---kissed my forehead---and with their little fat fingers wiped away the tears that fell from my old eyes as large as hail-stones. My myrmidons fed, and drank, and laughed and sang,---talked their little wars and battles over---then slept: and next day set freshly forward on their march, rattling their drums, blowing their cheerful fifes, with loud huzzas of gratitude to the donor of their feast. *(They turn up the stage.)*

Fer. (Coming forward L.H.) 'This Bengal story has warmed the old fool's heart, and they may now mould the driveller to what shape they please. I will leave him to his fate---and trust to occurrences for the completion of my purposes. *[Exit Ferret L.H. unobserved.]*

(Governor, &c. come down.)

Frank H. And now my dear uncle, what new offence have I committed? Any more murders come out?---Children strangled---or ideots defrauded of their property?

Gov. Are you not going to marry a vixen?

Frank H. Guilty:---I would marry if I could.

Gov. What! a vixen?

Frank H. (Looking at the widow.) I think not:

but there I must run my chance ; as my father did before me.

Gov. Your father ? he married a celestial being---a seraph ?---Whom would you marry ? (*Frank H. takes the Widow by the hand, and points to her.*) A seraph too !---Will you have him, madam---will you take pity on the scoundrel ?---will you---will you ?---The rogue loves you---I'm sure he does---he has a good fortune---and shall have more when I die.

Frank H. Now, sir, you are yourself---you are again my kind dear uncle ! (*Going to embrace him---the Governor avoids it.*)

Gov. It's a lie ! I had forgot---don't have him---he does not deserve you !---I am not your dear uncle.---I will be uncle to no villain---that takes the advantage of a poor gentleman's distress, to make dishonourable advances to his afflicted wife.

Wid. Heavens !---

Gov. But where is this offended female ? I must heal this breach---and by my bounty prove there is at least one good heart in my family.

Mrs. M. That is already proved---incontestibly proved by your injured nephew.

Wid. How ?---

Mrs. M. In the very moment of direst calamity---this gentleman entered by chance our mansion of despair---he saw my grief, perceived my husband's agony,---his heart melted, and his eyes overflowed ;---he bounteously relieved our wants---concealing even where our thanks should rest---and made my child the agent of his munificence,

Gov. I am his uncle !

Wid. This is a noble-hearted fellow. (*Aside.*)
--(*To F. Heartall.*) I beg your pardon, sir, I was taught to think differently of you ;--Come, governor--let us all be friends --will you? will you? (*Wheedling and imitating.*) Ah! I wish my father was alive to back my suit.

Gov. Your father? let me look at you; you are Jack Woodley's daughter--(*Smiling on her.*) I lov'd your father--

Wid. Yes--and you will love my father's daughter, when you know me better.

Gov. Shall I?---Eh !

Wid. To be sure you will; nay, you must, in common gratitude, for I love an old bachelor, in my heart.

Gov. That's more than I do.

Wid. Ah! I should like to spend a long winter's evening with you :--and talk over your old conquests--the women that died on your account--and the unfortunate damsels that you have betrayed :--O, you look like a seducer.

Gov. Humph!—you are a rogue—a pretty rogue—an arch little villain.

Mrs. M. If ever two hearts were designed by providence to make each other supremely blest--surely, sir, it is your generous nephew and this benevolent lady.

Gov. What you too? (*To Mrs. M.*) Give me your hands!—Must I forgive the rascal?—must I girls?—shall I lasses?

Wid. Forgive, sir?—you have failed in proof --you have lost your cause—you are nonsuited!

Frank H. Yes, uncle, a flaw in the indictment!—

Gov. Then you shall have a new trial, you rogue!—But zounds!—if these are your advocates, I shall give up the contention;—against such pleaders, justice should be deaf as well as blind. Mercy on me!—when I look on these creatures' faces, and hear the music of their tongues, I am astonished that there can remain on the earth's habitable surface so helpless a creature as an old bachelor.

MALFORT enters, L.H. greatly agitated—a letter in his hand.

Malf. Madam—I have to solicit your pardon for thus abruptly breaking in among your friends;—but a circumstance has occurred that—

Mrs. M. (Under the impression of surprise and uneasiness, introducing him.) Madam—my husband, Mr. Malfort—

Wid. Sir, I am happy to see you, pray walk in. *[Exit, L.H.]*

Malf. (Bowling.) Madam, I—*(To F. Heartall, who is R.H.)* Sir, the contents of this letter—concern you:—and lest the warmth and agitation of my mind should urge me on to acts of sudden desperation—I beseech you, read it—and declare how you think a man of honour ought to act under circumstances so repulsive to his feelings.—*(Gives F. Heartall the letter.)*

Frank H. (Reads.)—Sir,—Under the deep dis-

guise of affected benevolence, young Heartall has designs of an infamous nature, upon your wife.—If your distresses have so absorbed your feelings, that you can become a tame witness of your own dishonour, you will of course have no objection to his frequent visits to the house you lodge in—where he has now established a footing, under pretence of paying his addresses to a silly young widow, from the country—who wants knowledge of the world, to penetrate the depth of his designs. I know the man—therefore take this timely hint, from a sincere, though concealed, friend.

Mrs. M. Merciful heavens!—what can this mean?

Malf. (During the reading of the letter fixes his eyes upon F. Heartall, who appears agitated, distressed, and indignant.) Sir—(As if he waited for F. Heartall's answer.)

Frank H. Really, sir,—this extraordinary—business—is—a—

Malf. Before I proceed, sir, to further question—this folded paper contains the bill which your pretended benevolence would have applied to the relief of my distresses—Take it, sir—it is yours—(Gives a paper.)—You cannot, I perceive, sir, deny the foul charge alleged against you:—that you do not endeavour to extenuate it by false asseveration, I applaud you for—and although I cannot but doubt the courage of him, who with cold deliberate villainy, can wear the mask of charity to hide adulterous seduction, and meanly assume the garb of munificence to cover purposes detestable and base—

I shall expect such ample retribution as insulted pride and injured honour should demand.

Frank H. Mr. Malfort, I am at length recovered from my confusion and astonishment: this false and scandalous aspersion causes no other impulse in my mind, than that of sorrow and regret that any of heaven's creatures can be so lost to feeling and humanity as the author of this black scroll. Had I been wretch enough to perpetrate the wrong you charge me with, I hope I should be coward enough not to defend it—nor oppose a pistol against that man's head, whose heart I had already wounded.—Before this company further explanation is unnecessary:—I am to be found, sir, whenever it shall suit you.

[*Crosses and exit, L.H.*]

(*Malfort walks about in great agitation.*)

Mrs. M. Henry!—what shall I say?—can you believe me base—

Malf. Oh! that providence would snatch from the earth a wretch torn with conflicting passions, and suffering under all the pangs of penury and approaching misery!

Gov. (*On L.H.*) My heart tells me that my boy is innocent!—The rogue is wild—the dog is ungovernable—but he has a heart, I feel it in my own, warm as blood can make it. I could sometimes kill the villain myself—but that I know he has a heart!—and now I have looked upon his honest face, and will stake my life upon his honour.

Malf. 'Tis a world of error, sir—stake your life on no man's honour, nor rest your faith on woman's virtue!—All, all is false, deceiving, treacherous, and subtle. (*Crosses to L.H.*) O, agony of thought!—destruction pours her measureless weight of woes upon my head. Where is now my solace?—domestic confidence is fled, my home is hell—suspicion darts her scorpion stings into my brain—and all is madness, frenzy, and despair. [*Exit Malfort, L.H.*]

Mrs. M. O Henry—O my husband!
(*Following him—she is nearly fainting—when the widow enters L.H. and prevents her falling.*)

Wid. Nay, madam—stay, I beseech you stay—this sudden shock bears heavy on your spirits:—Whither would you go?

Mrs. M. Alas! I know not, madam!—I would seek my husband—I would calm his mind—I would pour consolation on his sorrows—

Wid. With your leave, sir, we will retire—and devise such means as shall restore Mr. Malfort to peace and comfort.

Gov. Let Jack Woodley's daughter command old Heartall as she will:—(*To Mrs. Malfort.*) Come—cheer up madam!—while the old governor can command a rupee, by heaven neither you nor yours shall ever want a part of it:—then set her spirits afloat—cheer her up, my lively widow.

Wid. You hear, madam, you hear the governor's commands—no disobedience of orders—I am a soldier's daughter, and used to discipline.

Mrs. M. I am already animated by your words:—but my gratitude masters my utterance; let my tears, therefore, speak, what my tongue cannot.

Wid. Come madam—we'll soon dry your tears, and set your tongue in motion:—I wish to exhilarate the spirits of my hearers, not depress them:—I can laugh at folly—pity depravity—scorn knavery—and detest villainy. The merry heart has not leisure to be vicious: and as the smile that marks a cheerful countenance is easily discerned from the fawning grin of hypocrisy, I am infallible in the choice of my friends, and all is laugh around me.

Gov. Brava! Bravissima! my charming widow.
[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street in London. Enter CHARLES WOODLEY and THOMAS, R.H. (with a parcel.)*

Cha. Thomas!

Tho. Sir:

Cha. Step to the St. James's Hotel, and desire Osborne to get ready apartments for me directly;—I have a call or two to make, and shall be there presently.

Tho. Very well, your honour. But where shall I deliver this packet for your sister, sir? there is no direction on it, further than her name.

Cha. Plague take it! I don't know what we are to do in that case—for I have positively lost her address. Hark'ee, Thomas, I have it.—You must call at the Stock Exchange, and inquire where Mr. Ferret lives—any body there will tell you;—he is one of my late brother-in-law's executors, and will inform you where my sister, Mrs. Cheerly, is to be found: be particular in taking her address, and bring it with you to the hotel.

Tho. I shall, sir. [*Exit L.H.*]

Cha. I long to see the giddy romp!—she has been both a wife and a widow since we parted; but, if I can trace her disposition from her letters, she is still lively and unchanged. Certainly she was formed in nature's merriest mood; for I never yet saw her uneasy or dejected.

Enter FRANK HEARTALL, L.H. Crossing the stage hastily.

Eh! whom have we here? What, Frank Heartall!—an old acquaintance, faith!—I suppose I am grown quite out of his knowledge. (*Goes up to F. Heartall.*) Pray, sir, what is't o'clock? in travelling I have neglected winding my watch.

(*Taking out his watch.*)

Frank H. Sir, by me (*Looking at his watch—*

then at Charles.) it is now exactly—its monstrous like him, if he was not so tall. (*Aside.*)

Cha. (*Looking in Heartall's face, and holding his key to his watch, as if to set it.*) What hour did you say, sir?

Frank H. (*To himself.*)—Six:—yes—it must be—six—years since we met.

Cha. Six! My dear sir, it is impossible: it can scarcely be three yet.

Frank H. O! I beg your pardon, sir.—I say, Charles—

Cha. But I beg your pardon---and I say, Frank—

Frank H. It is above six years, since we both left old Gradus at Westminster.

Cha. Is it?—Heartall?

Frank H. It is.—Woodley—damme, I'm right!

Cha. And so am I: ha, ha! (*Shaking hands affectionately.*) I knew you at the first glimpse; but my marchings and countermarchings have worn me out of the knowledge of my nearest acquaintance.

Frank H. I have often thought of you, upon my soul, and reflected frequently with pleasure upon our little youthful sallies: the “hair-breadth ’scapes” that we have had. I have paid for many of your pranks, my boy.

Cha. You certainly were a most unfortunate youth always in some scrape—ha! ha! ha!—

Frank H. It sticks to me still, Charles. My old luck; I never shall get rid of it.

Cha. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Frank H. Yes—you may laugh ; but it is truth upon my soul.

Cha. The little harmless frolics of your youth, Frank, should serve us for laughter in our maturer days. But what is the matter now ? Have you lost your youthful spirits ? or is there, really, any thing that can possibly, give you serious concern ?

Frank H. Yes, Charles ; I am in for it again.

Cha. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Frank H. Don't laugh--don't, Charles ;--upon my soul, I am a wretched fellow. (*Charles laughs.*) What ! you will laugh ?

Cha. Why, who the devil can help laughing—to hear a fellow like you, basking in the sunshine of a splendid fortune ; that fortune every hour in a state of continued accumulation ;—an old rich uncle that will leave you every shilling ; living in luxury and ease in the very centre of your friends and connexions ; the treasures of all parts of the habitable earth pouring in upon you—and hear you talk of wretchedness ! Zounds ; it would make a stoic laugh—ha ! ha ! ha !

Frank H. Yes :—this is all very fine !

Cha. It is all very true, however.

Frank H. So it is, Charles : and yet I am a wretched fellow !

Cha. Not in love, I hope.

Frank H. Over head and ears !—but that's not the worst of it.

Cha. No ?—ha ! ha ! ha !—then you are a miserable fellow, sure enough. Ha ! ha ! ha !—Who is the lady, Frank ?

Frank H. An angel!

Cha. Oh, that of course!—Do I know her?

Frank H. No; this is her first visit to London.

Cha. Indeed?

Frank H. Yes: she is a widow.

Cha. The devil she is! and her name?

Frank H. Cheerly.

Cha. (*Aside.*) My mad-cap sister, by heaven!

Frank H. Such a woman, Charles! uniting truth, virtue, sense, with all the livelier graces of her sex.

Cha. Where does she live, Frank?—You must introduce me.

Frank H. No, Charles,—you must excuse me there:—Ha! ha! ha!—the truth is, I can't introduce you, for I am in disgrace there myself.

Cha. Ay!—(*Forgetting himself.*) You surely have not presumed to—(*Recollecting.*) I mean—what have you done to incur her displeasure?

Frank H. Nothing.

Cha. If she be the creature you describe, she cannot be so ridiculously capricious as to take offence at nothing.

Frank H. I don't say that she is offended—Nay I live in hopes to the contrary. But somehow or other—I have been unfortunately betrayed, it seems, into the perpetration of a benevolent action; and because I will not allow that I have committed that wicked deed through the worst of motives,—namely, the seduction of a suffering, virtuous, wife—I, at this very period, am under momentary expectation of having my throat cut by an offended husband.

Cha. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Upon my soul, Frank, this is one of your extraordinary scrapes, sure enough !—But come, you must introduce me to your widow.

Frank H. No, no, Charles ;—I know better, believe me.

Cha. I must see her, Frank ;—By all the powers of affection, I love her already !

Frank H. Pooh ! pooh !—nonsense—You don't—

Cha. I do, by Jupiter.—Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! what young fellow could avoid it, that had but heard your description of the charming creature ?

Frank H. Did I describe her so warmly ?

Cha. Did you ! Zounds ! you have set my imagination in a blaze ! I long to see her, and must and will find her out !

Frank H. No—you won't—Ha ! ha ! ha !

Cha. Yes, I will—Ha ! ha ! ha !

Enter TIMOTHY, R.H. (Crossing the stage.)

Frank H. Tim ! Timothy !—where are you hurrying, my old boy ?

Tim. (Staring.) Hey ! Sir ! Did you speak to me ? Lord ! I ask pardon, sir—as the man in the play says, “ my grief was blind, and did not see you ”—Heigho !

Frank H. Nay, but communicate, Timothy :—What is the matter ?—nothing serious, I hope.

Tim. Yes, sir—serious—very serious—it must be serious, for it makes me laugh ; he ! he ! he !—Heigho !

Frank H. Tim ; it must be serious, indeed, if you smile ! but I am afraid it must be a general calamity, a universal extermination—for you absolutely laughed.

Tim. Did I ? Lord, lord ! how misfortunes unbend the mind ! Laugh ? I did'n't mean it : I should not have smiled, but for the dreadful distress of two near relations that I have just now left behind me at the door of a prison.

Cha. Ha ! ha ! ha ! What the devil does he mean ?

Frank H. Hush ! let him alone. Relations of yours in a prison ? How ?—for what, Timothy ?

Tim. Suspicion of debt. Poor things ! but if they will go bail for distressed families, and bind themselves for such enormous sums, they must expect no better.

Frank H. A prison ! and are they really related to you, Timothy ?

Tim. Yes, sir, almost : One is my brother, and the other is my old aunt.

Frank H. And engaged themselves for enormous sums—I am sorry for it.

Tim. I knew you would, sir :—Fifteen pounds seven is a serious concern.

Both. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Frank H. Fifteen pounds ! for shame, Timothy—pay it ; pay it, Timothy ; and give them their freedom.

Tim. Pay it ? hadn't I better discharge the national debt at the same time ; bid for the loan ; or buy up the next lottery ?—I have had a cursed quarrel as I came along too ; that was the reason that I didn't know you at first.

Cha. A quarrel, sir?—with whom?

Tim. With myself, to be sure:—"Tim," says I to myself, "Ask your master: he'll lend you the cash in a moment."—"I know that," says I to Tim, "and that is the reason I won't ask it!" Then Tim says with great feeling, "Will you let your relations rot in a prison?" Says I,—"*Mister Tim*; I have given all I could rap and rend to those relations, and have not left a farthing to bless myself with: what can I do more?"—"But you shall do more!" Well, one word brought on another, between myself and me: and, in my passion, as I passed through *St. Martin's Court*, I run my head full-butt into the stomach of an old clothesman; tumbled him and myself over a wheel-barrow; and getting up, awoke, as I thought, out of the strangest dream I ever had in my life.

Frank H. Take this note; change it; release your relations; and with the remainder of twenty pounds, make them as comfortable as you can.

Tim. Sir! *Mr. Frank*! don't joke! I can't laugh—I would speak, sir, but—I burn all over—I shall blaze presently:—No—my eyes are sending a couple of engines to my relief:—pump away—pump away—you may prevent a conflagration. [*Exit, L.H.*

Frank H. Poor Timothy! his silence was more eloquent than words.

Cha. Well; adieu, Frank, for the present: (*Crosses to L.H.*) I have business—but shall easily find you, if I miss seeing you at the widow's.

Frank H. Seeing me at the widow's? that's very well, Charles: but I'll take care to prevent that.

Cha. And I to further it. Rely upon it, I shall meet you there.

Frank H. And if you do, by heaven I'll cut your throat!

Cha. No, you won't—Your description has set me on fire, you rogue! it is merely in friendship to you that I visit your widow—to prevent you from getting into another scrape.

Frank H. A scrape! what scrape?

Cha. The worst of scrapes—matrimony.

[*Exeunt, Charles, L.H. Frank, R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*Malfort's Lodgings.*

Enter the WIDOW and MR. and MRS. MALFORT, R.H.

Wid. I am happy, my dear Mr. Malfort, that reason once more resumes her seat; and now let us drop this sombre subject, I beseech you. Pray, what would you advise me to do with this extraordinary lover of mine? He really talks as if he was in earnest—as if he was desperate enough to marry!

Mrs. M. That he loves you, I believe admits not of a question.

Malf. And that he would instantly give the most unequivocal assurance of his passion, is as palpable.

Wid. Oh yes—I believe the creature is serious enough; but he is charged on all sides with

various crimes and enormities. You certainly would not advise me to take a culprit to my heart.

Enter MRS. TOWNLY, L.H.

Mrs. T. (To the Widow.) There is a young gentleman below, madam, who earnestly desires to see you.

Wid. Mr. Heartall?

Mrs. T. No, madam, an officer; he would have followed me up stairs without ceremony, but I told him you were not in your own apartments.

Wid. Where is he?

Mrs. T. In the little parlour, madam.

Wid. I'll wait on him. [*Exit, Mrs. Townly, L.H.*] Will you excuse me for a moment?—(*Mrs. Malfort curtesies.*) An officer! bless me, who can it be? No matter; I am a soldier's daughter, and these sons of scarlet have no terrors for me! from my earliest day I have been taught to love, to honour, and respect them; and when I read or hear that an accomplished woman has bestowed her hand and fortune on a brave and honest soldier, I feel she has done her duty—and, like a true patriot, paid her portion of a nation's gratitude. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Mrs. M. Well, my Henry—are not now your suspicions of Heartall removed?

Malf. I fain would think so:—I wish to banish all ill thoughts of that man; and press him to my bosom, as my friend, my preserver.

Re-enter MRS. TOWNLY, L.H.

Mrs. T. Mr. Ferret, sir, wishes to speak a word with you.

Mal. Ferret? I have some faint recollection of such a name, that was my father's friend:—What can this mean?—I'll wait upon him.
[*Exit, Mrs. Townly, L.H.*] Come, my Harriet! Cheerly, my love!—I trust, misfortune lags in pace, and smiling competence will shortly overtake her.
[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*The Widow's Apartment.*

Enter the WIDOW, laughing, and CHARLES WOODLEY, L.H.

Cha. I knew I should surprise you. I therefore avoided writing, or giving you the smallest information of my arrival in England. But I perceive marriage has not tamed you, nor widowhood dejected your spirits: you are still the same giddy, lovely, generous, madcap.

Wid. Exactly, Charles.

Cha. But no mischief in the wind, I hope? no new conquest meditated?

Wid. No:—Nothing new; the mischief is already done!

Cha. Indeed?

Wid. Yes, indeed:—I am afraid I am gone again.

Cha. What—married again?

Wid. No--not yet :—Charles—will you give me leave to ask a question ?

Cha. Certainly—

Wid. Have you ever been in action ?

Cha. In action ! how do you mean ?

Wid. Pooh ! You have not been so long a soldier without some fighting, I suppose ?

Cha. No, faith :—I have had my share of danger, and have fortunately escaped with unfractured bones !

Wid. Then you may form some idea of my situation :—Before the action, a general's anxiety must be dreadful—so is mine ! Come—as a soldier's daughter, I'll state the case in your own way :—We will suppose my heart a citadel, a remarkably strong fortress—its outworks, in my mind, as impenetrable as the rock of Gibraltar. Now, an excellent commander, and an able engineer, sits down before this well-defended garrison. He pours in shells of flattery ; which waste themselves in the air, and do no farther mischief. He then artfully dispatches two of his aid-de-camps, in the disguise of charity and benevolence to sap the foundation, and lay a train for the demolition of the garrison ; which train, to his own confusion, hypocrisy blows up, and leaves the fortress still besieged, but not surrendered.

Cha. But I suppose you mean to surrender---at discretion.

Wid. No--capitulate---upon honourable terms---

Cha. Bravo, sister ! You are an excellent soldier ! But who is this formidable foe ? Can I find his name in the army-list ?

Wid. No: in the London Directory more likely.

Cha. What? A merchant?

Wid. I believe so:---the man deals in indigo, cotton, rice, coffee, and brown sugar.

Cha. Indeed? and his name---

Wid. (*With an arch laugh.*) Ay---there you are puzzled! Now, what's his name?

Cha. His name---why---Francis Heartall, is a good name in the city.

Wid. Ah, lud a mercy! Why, Charles! have you been among the gipsies? How long since you commenced diviner? You are not the seventh son of a seventh son?

Cha. No---I am the son of your father; and, without the gift of divination, can foresee you wish to make Frank Heartall my brother.

Wid. No, no, Charles---there are enough of the family already.

Cha. Yes; and, if there are not a great many more, it will not be your fault, sister!--Ha! ha! ha!

Wid. Monster! but let this silence you at once. I have a---sort of---floating idea that I like this Heartall---but how it has come to your knowledge, brother-soldier, is beyond my shallow comprehension.

Cha. Know then, sister, that Heartall was the earliest friend of my youth; I love the fellow—

Wid. So do I:—it is a family failing.

Cha. When boys, we were school fellows—class fellows—play-fellows; I was partner in his

pranks—fellow-sufferer in his disgrace—co-mate in mischief; we triumphed in each other's pleasures, and mourned together our little imaginary distresses.

Wid. It is all over, then :—I must make you brothers, you love one another so well—You will have it so—it's all your doing !

Cha. Ingenuous sister ! I could hug you to my heart :—A noble minded fellow loves you ;—you feel he merits your affection, and scorn the little petty arts that female folly too often practises to lead in slow captivity a worthy heart, for the pleasure of sacrificing it at the shrine of vanity.

Wid. Very true. But I do not mean to give practical lessons to flirts or coquettes : who, by the bye, are a very useful race of people in their way ; so many fools and coxcombs could never be managed without them. No,—if I do marry the grocer, 'tis merely to oblige you.

Enter GEORGE, L.H.

Geo. Mr. Heartall, madam, if you are at leisure.

Wid. Shew him up. [*Exit George, L.H.*]

Cha. Ha ! ha ! ha !—We shall have the devil to pay presently :—Heartall does not know me as your brother.

Wid. How ?—is it possible ?

Cha. I met him just as I arrived ; wormed his secret from him, and swore I would find you out.—My presence here will astonish him ! he will

suppose me his rival, and—Hush !—he's here !
(*Retires up the stage.*)

Enter F. HEARTALL, L.H.

Frank H. Madam, I am come to apologize for my abrupt departure from your apartments this morning ; and to offer such conviction of the falsehood of the charge against me, as—

Wid. I entreat you will not take the trouble to mention it : pray think no more of it.
(*Charles coming forward on the opposite side.*)
Give me leave to introduce a very particular friend of mine.

Cha. (*Going to him.*) Frank !—Frank Heartall—I am overjoyed to meet you here.

Frank H. Excuse me, Charles—you have all the joy to yourself.

Wid. This gentleman tells me, sir, that you and he are very old acquaintance.

Frank H. Yes, ma'am, very old.

Cha. Ha ! ha ! ha !—yes, ma'am, very old indeed !—hey, Frank ?

Frank H. Yes, Charles—so old—that one of us must soon die !

Cha. Ha ! ha ! ha !—

Wid. Heaven forbid !—I hope you will both live to be right-reverend grey-headed old gentlemen.

Frank H. No, ma'am, we can't both live to be grey-headed old gentlemen ;—one of us may, perhaps.

Cha. Ha ! ha ! ha !—What the devil is the matter, Frank ? got into another scrape !

Frank H. A damn'd one !—Hark you, Charles ---a word with you.---How did you find that lady out?

Cha. By your description ; every body knew it.

Frank H. Did they !---do you mean to pay your addresses to her?

Cha. A blunt question !

Frank H. It is an honest one.---Do you love her?

Cha. By heaven I do !---and would risk my life to secure her felicity.

Frank H. I loved her first.

Cha. That I deny.

Frank H. You dare not, Charles. I, too, have a life already risked ; it is in her keeping : ---if she is yours, your pistols will be unnecessary ---you take my life when you take her.

(*Crosses to centre.*)

Wid. Ha ! ha ! ha !

(*F. Heartall fidgetting, and going up to the Widow ; Charles and the Widow stifle a laugh.*)

Frank H. Madam, I ask your pardon ; I believe I was born to torment you—I wish I had never seen you !—But pray, madam, don't laugh, now—do—you—love—this gentleman?

Wid. From my heart and soul.

Frank H. Death !—tortures !—hell !—jealousy !—damnation !—One of us must die.—(*Going out, the Widow gets between him and the door, and prevents him.*)—Very well, ma'am ; very well ! (*Going up to Charles.*) You are a traitor, Charles.

Cha. (*Coolly.*) Hard words, Frank !

Frank H. A false friend !

Cha. Worse and worse.

Frank H. I could almost call you--villain !

Cha. Now you make progress.

Frank H. I lov'd you like a brother !

Cha. You did—I own it.

Frank H. Are you not unworthy of that name ?

Cha. Ask my sister.

Frank H. Who !—Are you sister to—

Wid. Ask my brother.

Frank H. Madam !—Charles !—Eh !—What !
—I am bewildered !—Tell me—are you really
brother to this lady ?

Wid. To be sure he is—ha ! ha ! ha !—Don't
you remember old Jack Woodley's daughter ?—
Ha ! ha ! ha !

Frank H. (*Striking his forehead.*) O fool ! dolt !
stupid idiot !—By heaven, the circumstance
never once entered my head !—Charles ! Ma-
dam ?—Can you forgive me ?—Ha ! ha ! ha !—
Zounds ! I shall go mad !—Ha ! ha ! ha ! Tol !
lol ! lol !—I am sure I shall go mad ! (*Sings and
dances.*)

Wid. Did you ever see such a whirligig ?—
Ha ! ha ! ha !

Cha. A child's top rather, that requires lash-
ing to keep it up—Ha ! ha ! ha !

Frank H. Lash away ! I deserve it richly.
But now I have almost recovered my senses,
will you both honour me with your company to
my old uncle's : my carriage is at the door : for
I am now determined to clear up all mysteries,

either to my confusion, or the detection of a wanton and hypocritical fiend!

Wid. Dare I venture myself with this madman, Charles? Won't he bite, think you?

Cha. Not unless the paroxysm returns; in that case, I'll not answer for him.

Wid. Then I'll summon up all the resolution I can muster, and attend you to the governor's without delay.

Frank H. Will you! Then I shall go mad indeed! Zounds! I am half frantic already! I could run up a steeple; jump down a coal pit; put St. Paul's in my pocket, and make a walking-stick of the monument!—Huzza, huzza! She is single still; Charles is her brother; and Frank Heartall may yet be a happy fellow.

[He hurries them off, L.H.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Malfort's Lodgings.*

Enter MRS. MALFORT, MALFORT, and FERRET, L.H.

Malf. This way, sir, pray walk in: will you please to sit?

Fer. I thank you, sir.—I trust you will pardon the intrusion of a plain blunt fellow ; not drawn hither to satisfy an idle curiosity, to peep into the habitations of the poor, and pryingly observe how those that once were prosperous can endure adversity.

Malf. (Proudly.) Sir !

Fer. To deal plainly with you, sir, I know that you are ruined ; a bankrupt ; your property divided among your creditors ; all done fairly and openly—like a man of true integrity—an honest bankrupt.

Malf. Well, sir, I claim no merit from that conduct : the rules that were made to protect, the laws that have been wisely legislated to uphold, with honour, the honest dignity of trade, should never be violated in a commercial nation.

Fer. That's nobly spoken, sir ;—your sentiments accord with my own, and I applaud you for them !—Your father, I suppose, is no more ; we were friends, intimate friends—before his last voyage to the Indies ; but, perhaps, he lives—You, doubtless can inform me.

Malf. (Much affected.) Oh !

Mrs. M. (Aside.) O heavens !—He has touched upon a subject that is sure to harrow up his very soul, awaking every tender, every filial sensation !

Fer. (Not seeming to perceive Malfort's distress.) Your father was a worthy man---an honest man---a man that---(*Malfort greatly agitated.*) I entreat your pardon, sir !---perhaps I should not have named your father ; it disturbs you.

Malf. (*With strong emotion.*) It does indeed!--Bankruptcy, penury, and approaching wretchedness, with all their dreadful train of consequences, I can arm myself with patience to endure : but, torn with suspense, tortured with perplexing doubts and fears ;--now whispering that a prosperous father lives ; and now presenting him, surrounded by strangers, on the bed of death, without an affectionate son to receive his blessing, close his eyes, or pay the last sad honours to his loved remains.

Fer. (*With affected concern.*) Aye---his wealth too, perhaps devolving to some interested man, who, to secure the immense property your father must have left, makes no strict inquiries after his lost heir : it is a damn'd bad world ; there are few to be depended on.

Malf. Few indeed!--Yet, sir, amongst that few I have found some that came like ministering cherubims to my relief, to chase afflicting melancholy from my breast, and cheer my mourning wife, my suffering little one.

Mrs. M. Among such motives, sir, do you not think humanity may sometimes hold a place ?

Malf. Or benevolence urge the execution of a noble act ?

Fer. Aye---humanity and benevolence sound loftily : but real benefits are quietly bestowed ; without many words on either side ; as thus---I give---and you take ! (*Offering a paper.*)

Malf. (*Rejecting it.*) Excuse me, sir ; I must know your motive first.

Fer. Here me, sir ;---I am not to learn that

you have a secret enemy, who watches like a lynx each loop hole through which his damned hypocrisy can creep, to conceal you from your father, that he himself may inherit the wealth that should be yours.

Malf. Can there be such a wretch !

Fer. There is--

Mrs. M. Heaven forgive him !

Fer. Amen, with all my heart !—Now, sir, what can my motive be ?—This paper that I offer you is an unlimited letter of credit on my house ; draw for whatever sums your necessities may demand ; fly from your enemies—in India you may once again be restored to your father, and to all those large possessions which properly belong to you. (*A pause.*) In this seeming act of kindness I shall be no loser ; send me the value of my money in produce from the East, and my profit will overpay the obligation. (*With warmth, and great seeming good-nature.*)

Malf. Sir—your bounty overpowers me—I cannot answer you :—Harriet !

Mrs. M. You look to me, Henry, as if you expected reluctant compliance to your pleasure ; or that I should peevishly oppose the prospect of dawning happiness, which now auspiciously presents itself.—But you mistake me, Henry ;—my child, my husband, are my country ;—I see no distance in universal space, if you are with me ;—over icy mountains or burning sands ; all hardships are equally indifferent, while I possess your confidence, your esteem, your love !

(*Malfort embraces her ; tries to speak, but cannot.*)

Fer. It is wisely spoken, madam ;—Here, sir, take this paper ; it is the tribute of honesty to suffering misfortune—(*As he offers the paper, John enters, L.H. Ferret puts up the paper.*)

John. An old Gentleman wishes to speak to Mr. Ferret.

Fer. An old gentleman ? (*Aside.*) who can it be ?—I shall be at home presently—I cannot see any body here—

Malf. This apartment is at your service, sir, where you may converse freely with your friend. (*Exit John, L.H.*) We will retire.

Fer. Sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt, Mr. and Mrs. Malfort. R.H.*

Fer. (*Looking out.*) Death, and ill fortune ! Simon !—the doating babbler !—All must out !—Old Malfort's arrival can no longer be a secret to his son—and my deep laid scheme is baffled and abortive—(*Enter Simon hastily, L.H.*) Well ! what's the matter ?

Sim. Matter ;—Thank heaven you are found at last !

Fer. Well—why this haste—and what's your errand ?

Sim. (*Ironically.*) Merely to comfort you—for you have consoled me often.—Disgrace holds her heavy weight of shame over your head—it is suspended by a hair ; a breath will snap it, and its fall must crush you !

Fer. Your master is arrived :—what then ?

Sim. Nay, I know not :—my conscience is clear, what sort of face does yours wear ?

(MALFORT Senior without, L.H.)

Malf. Sen. This is no time for ceremony, madam ; Mr. Ferret, I know, is here—and I must and will see him !

Enter MALFORT Senior, L.H. (and fixes his eyes severely on Ferret.)

Malf. Sen. Well, sir !—You are the friendly Mr Ferret,—the faithful agent of my affairs—the consoler of my sorrows—the man to whose unerring honour I freely could entrust my fortune and my life.

Fer. I have been such a man :—my books will prove the integrity of my dealings ; the nature of my designs have had their motives, which may hereafter be defined.

Malf. Sen. Their nature is already known—and definition now unnecessary !—When first I knew you, you were my brother's clerk, most humbly situated ; without a parent, friend, or benefactor. I saw you were industrious ; I thought you honest ; I took you by the hand ; I lent you capital ; and recommended you as a junior partner in the house. You then seemed grateful ; wealth flowed in upon you ; and when my brother and his friends retired from the bustle of laborious business, the firm was yours, and you were crowned with riches as abundant as they were unexpected.—

Fer. Granted.

Malf. Sen. How has your gratitude repaid me?—Duplicity has marked your conduct; dark hints and inuendoes swelled each page of your sophisticated letters; wherein you seemed as if your open friendly heart recoiled from the recital of my son's misfortunes.—

Fer. Nay—be patient, Mr. Malfort.

Malf. Sen. Patient! Can I be patient, sir, and even suppose all this?—When I, a father, ignorant of his fate, loaded with riches, without a natural heir that should inherit them, felt the dreadful suspense of believing that I had still a living son, involved, perhaps, in every misery, and could not stretch a parental hand to save him from despair!

Fer. Hear me, Mr. Malfort!

Malf. Sen. No, sir; an attempt at palliation would but increase the enormity of your conduct!—After much toil and labour, I have at length discovered that my son yet lives—stripped of his all by unavoidable calamity:—All this you knew, it seems; and yet, with the treacherous affectation of friendship, cautiously concealed the place of his retreat from a fond father's inquiring eye; while with half smothered hints you blackened over his conduct, and made me almost curse the hour that once I thought most happy, when bounteous nature blest me with a son!

Fer. Well, sir—I must now endure your anger—your reproaches—milder moments will occur.

Malf. Sen. Here we shall close—and I have

done with you for ever :—I am content ;—I have seen you—told you my mind—and I now abandon you to your reflections. It was a barbarous friendship, sir, that probed the mind's worst wound, and yet withheld the healing balm that ministers relief. [Exit, L.H.]

Fer. The hour of peril is at hand !

Re-enter Mr. and Mrs. MALFORT, R.H.

Malf. (*Observing Simon.*) New wonders croud upon my imagination ! Harriet, come hither !—Look upon that old man.—If my memory does not fail me, he has often borne me in his arms.

Re-enter MALFORT Sen.

Malf. Sen. With regret, sir, I demand one act of justice at your hands—

Malf. Heavenly powers !

(*Sinks into a chair.*—*Mrs. MALFORT takes his hand in hers ; and throwing her arm round his neck, stands a fixed spectator of what is passing in the front of the stage.*)

Malf. Sen. I entreat—I supplicate you not to add to the suspense I have already endured ;—but, as I am well informed you are acquainted with every circumstance of my son's distressful state, I beseech you give me the clue to his retreat—give me the means to find, to cherish and relieve him !—You will not then indulge me ?

Fer. (*Coolly.*) I would conceal from you the cause of sorrow and regret, till opportunity was

ripe, and discovery no longer dangerous—beside I have other reasons for my silence, which you may know hereafter. [Exit, L.H.]

Malf. Sen. Which I must know hereafter!—ungrateful viper, (*Walking about in great agitation.*) I know not how to proceed, I will not sleep till I have found my boy!—Simon, let the carriage be ready.

Sim. It shall, sir.

[Exit Simon, L.H.]

MALFORT Jun. comes forward.

Malf. Sir—

Malf. Sen. Your pleasure, sir?

Malf. Have you forgot me?—Has misery erased my name even from the book of nature?

Malf. Sen. Merciful heaven!—Providence at length has guided my wearied mind, my anxious heart to that blest spot where I embrace my son! (*They rush into each others arms.*)

Malf. The storm is past!—My long lost father! my scattered senses, denying the conviction of sight and feeling, can scarcely credit that I hold him in these trembling arms.

Malf. Sen. My son! my son! But where is the gentle partner of your cares?—She whose patient suffering—

Malf. (*Taking Mrs. Malfort by the hand.*) Here, my father.—To this blest saint I owe my life, and all the future comforts that await it.—Despair had seized me, and the conflict must have ended—had not heaven inspired that virtuous tongue with arguments of celestial oratory,

and snatch'd me from the crime of self-destruction !

Mrs. M. The joyful feelings of my heart—but little used to such sensations—at present overpower and prevent the utterance of what my mind would dictate to the father of my husband :—Affection, duty, and respect, bind me his and yours for ever.

Malfr. Sen. (Embracing her.) Then live, with him, for ever in this heart!—The wife, whose virtuous ardour affliction could not damp, nor penury diminish, adds lustre to that sex from whose blest converse we derive our most substantial sum of earthly happiness!—But come, my children, let us retire, and calmly canvass each strange event ; each circumstance which now appears involved in mystery, that have so long obscured us from each others knowledge :—the frowns of angry fortune shall no more assail you ; and oh ! may all your future days, be days of harmony and love. [*Exeunt*, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*The Governor's House.*

Enter the GOVERNOR and TIMOTHY, R.H.

Gov. Pooh ! pooh !—I can't believe it, I won't believe it ;—Timothy !—Ferret is an odd fellow—coarse, but honest ; old English oak—a rough bark, but a sound heart !

Tim. Yes, rough as a hedge hog—but he can be as smooth as a lizard when it answers his purpose.

Gov. Why what the devil is the matter with the grumbling mongrel?—Get about your business, you night-mare!—you death-watch!—You wet-blanket!—You flap-winged raven!—

Tim. I am gone!—I'll croak no more—(*Going, returns.*) Mr. Ferret is an honest man—and you'll find him out!—

Gov. I have found him out!

Tim. For an honest man?

Gov. Puppy!

Tim. When he is found out for an honest man, I hope I shall be considered as the greatest rogue in the universe!

Gov. Thou art the most impudent rogue that ever wagged a saucy tongue! a barking whelp, that lets nothing pass without a snarl!

Tim. Well! I must snarl!—I'm allow'd to do nothing else.—I wish I might bite.

Gov. His love for Frank makes him, perhaps, a little too anxious for the boy's prosperity—He would not wish to see him proved a villain or a seducer.

Tim. He would.

Gov. It's a lie, Timothy! he would rather see him dead than dishonoured.

Tim. He does not care which.

Gov. Scoundrel!—hey!—what!—

Tim. Order in your bow-string, Mr. Governor, and have me strangled at once—for it will out!

Gov. What!—speak you dog, or my anxiety will choak me.

Tim. I will; heaven's agent on this side the moon is your nephew!

Gov. Well!

Tim. Belzebub's own factor upon earth is old Ferret!

Gov. Hey!—Well!

Tim. They can't agree of course.

Gov. Well!

Tim. Is not every mouth open'd with your nephew's praise?

Gov. Umph!—Yes.

Tim. Don't the generous delight in him?

Gov. Aye.

Tim. The rich admire him?

Gov. They do.

Tim. The benevolent respect—

Gov. And the poor adore him!—'Tis true:—my eyes are opening!

Tim. Whose tongue defamed his good actions, and slandered his very thoughts?

Gov. Umph!—Old Ferret's!

Tim. Who accused him of seduction?

Gov. Old Ferret!—And said he had an evil design upon an innocent young widow!

Tim. And then call'd her a vixen.

Gov. Ferret!—Villanous, vindictive, hypocritical Ferret!

Tim. And all for what?—Shall I tell you, sir?

Gov. Out with it!

Tim. That you might disinherit your nephew, and make him heir to your wealth! Are you awake, sir?

Gov. Yes, Timothy, wide awake!—I see his villainy, and will crush all his hopes, the dry skinn'd hypocrite!

Tim. He has been as busy in other families, sir: you will hear from Mr. Malfort some of Mr. Ferret's pleasant manœuvres!

Gov. Ay—Malfort's arrived, I hear; has he found his son?

Tim. Yes, sir; he's caught.

Gov. Ferret!—Treachery!—Malfort was his best friend, and made a man of him.

Enter JAMES, L.H.

Jam. Mr. Malfort and his son and daughter are in the anti-chamber.

Gov. I'll come to them directly. (*Exit James, L.H.*) I shall be happy to congratulate my worthy old friend on the recovery of his son; and he shall congratulate me too—for, though I always said Frank had a heart, it never appear'd till now so pure and so unspotted. If Jack Woodley's daughter will bless him with her hand, I will pour abundance on them, and the sight of their first boy will make the governor the merriest, happiest, old bachelor in the united kingdom.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Tim. Then I shall be merry too:—"like master, like man!"

[*Exit, L.H.*

SCENE III,—*Another Apartment at the Governor's.*

*Enter FRANK HEARTALL, WIDOW, and CHARLES,
L.H.*

Frank H. This way, madam: my uncle and his friends will join us presently:—Old Ferret is sent for; and all parties will be assembled to witness either my triumph or disgrace.

Cha Courage, Frank! am not I your ally?—and here is my sister as a corps de reserve!

Frank H. If she condescends to take the field, the day is our own, my boy! (*They retire up.*)

*Enter the GOVERNOR, MALFORT, SEN. and Mr.
and Mrs. MALFORT, R.H.*

Malf. Sen. Every circumstance, my worthy friend, convinces me of his artful management;—I was at a loss to guess at the nature of his designs; but now 'tis plain and palpable; he wished to be my heir; he panted for my wealth, and cared not if my son, and all that was most dear to him, had perished in wretched obscurity.

Gov. The spider—he had entangled my poor nephew in his snare; but my Timothy came with a friendly brush, and swept the cob-web down.

Wid. (*Coming forward.*) Governor! We have entered your fort without demanding the keys of the garrison: this gentleman was our convoy. (*Pointing to Heartall.*)

Gov. What---my lively widow! Have you caught the military phrase--and use it too, to gratify the feelings of the old governor?

Wid. It is the language of the day, sir:--the noble enthusiasm that pervades all ranks and sexes!--When the daughters of Britain feel the military ardour and give the word "To arms!" let her enemies beware--for then, indeed, her sons are irresistible!--This is the universal phrase of English women, and should come with double force from the lips of a Soldier's daughter!

Gov. Bravo! my charming lively widow! Honest Jack Woodley's daughter!

Wid. And his son, too, at your service. (*Introducing Charles.*)

Gov. (*Taking his hand.*) Young gentleman, I rejoice to see you: receive a cordial welcome from your father's friend.

Cha. I shall be happy, sir, to prove myself deserving of your kindness.

Wid. What! my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Malfort too! I congratulate myself upon this happy assembly.

Mrs. Mal. Your happy, grateful friends.

Enter TIMOTHY, L.H.

Tim. (*To the Governor.*) He is come, shall I admit him? Satan's below.

Gov. The devil he is! Shew him in! Draw up his mittimus, and I'll send him in a pass-cart to his own dominions.

Tim. I am impatient till it is signed.

[*Exit Timothy, L.H.*

Enter FERRET, L.H.

Fer. Well, ladies and gentlemen; I am brought hither, as I understand, for the purposes of accusation and defence:—Produce your charges;—of what am I accused?

Frank H. Ask your own conscience.

Fer. That cannot answer to your satisfaction. I have wound it to my purpose, and its dictates I have already obeyed.

Frank H. Have you not basely injured me? traduced my name, blackened my fairest intentions, perverted my very thoughts, and, by an anonymous and villainous assertion, put even my life in danger?

Fer. Go on—I am come to hear you.

Malf. Sen. And to redress, I hope, if yet 'tis in your power. The deepest, deadliest, sin, is black ingratitude. My son, you would for ever have concealed from my knowledge: and, in the very moment when you had discovered I had found some clue to his retreat, like an arch fiend, you come with offers of pretended bounty! You would for ever have banished him to a distant clime, and robbed an anxious parent of his last fond hope, his remaining solace, the comfort of his declining age—his only son!

Gov. To me, there is no excuse in nature for his enormous overheap'd measure of hypocrisy!

Fer. There is.

Gov. Name it, viper!

Fer. Avarice—the blackest fiend of hell!—I plead no other. Were there no such vice, I should have been an honest man.—Could the covetous man but feel, as I now do, he would scatter his ill-gotten wealth among the friendless poor; and, shunning the society of those his avarice had wrong'd, fly to some distant spot, and end his solitary days in repentance and remorse. To such contrition have I doomed myself.—Heaven is my witness, I could not injure you, nor any of you, had not avarice harden'd my heart, and rendered it callous to the workings of humanity. 'Tis a vice too common, and more destructive in society than swords or poison. What is the gamester's stimulus? What is the miser's god?—Avarice! What urges the guilty wretch to betray his friend? The mock patriot his country?—avarice! invincible, destructive avarice!

Mal. Sen. Banish the guilty passion--retire into the shade of solitude, where penitence may once more restore you to yourself.

Fer. I never felt, till now, the black perdition of the crime—but you are fellow creatures, and may pity what you can't forgive. I came prepared to meet this trial, this disgrace—and to make atonement by the only act of justice in my power:—Young man; (*To Charles who crosses to L.H.*) You are a soldier, not overburden'd with the gifts of fortune. Your father was my friend—your sister's husband was my patron; and assisted, with his purse, my most prosperous

speculations—receive these papers—the memorandums, previously prepared for you, of what shall legally be ratified. And when you hereafter count your large possessions over, honour and plain honesty will instruct you how to act, if you can remember the last sharp regretful words of him that tells you, you are a bad man's heir ! *[Exit, L.H.]*

(Charles retires up and examines the papers.)

Frank H. Charles, what are those papers ? An inventory of his villainies, or a renunciation of his errors ?

Cha. Neither, Frank ;—An extract from his will, and a memorandum of a deed of gift—by which I am to possess an ample annuity during his life, and the residue of his property after his demise.

Wid. Astonishing !

Cha. 'Tis true, upon my honour ! *(F. Heart-all looks over the papers.)*

Wid. This generous act should cancel many of his ill deeds—let us all endeavour to pity and forgive him :—What say you, governor, should we bear malice ?

Gov. No, my charming widow :—I am exactly of your opinion ; I cannot catch the little twinkling corner of that arch eye, and differ from you, you little lively toad !—come, Frank, he must be forgiven.

Frank H. Before I finally close with your proposal, confirm my sentence—guilty, or not guilty !

Wid. Come, governor, sum up the evidence !

Gov. I will, my little Alfred—my little petticoat legislator—culprit, stand forth!

Frank H. Mercy, uncle! mercy!

Gov. You are Francis Heartall, I think—nephew, as I have heard, to a foolish old governor of that name; and I prophecy, heir to all his wealth—he has heard of your tricks, and witnessed your enormities; in which he now begins to perceive there was neither vice nor villainy.—You are, therefore, free upon that charge! But for an unthinking spendthrift, who could squander the overflowings of his purse in purposes of old fashioned benevolence—what punishment can be adequate to the enormity of such a crime?

Frank H. Mercy, again, uncle!—mercy!

Gov. I therefore doom you to imprisonment for life—in those dear arms! (*Taking the Widow's hand*)

Wid. No!—I can't surrender.—

Cha. (*Retorting*) But you'll capitulate upon honourable terms!—Hey, sister?

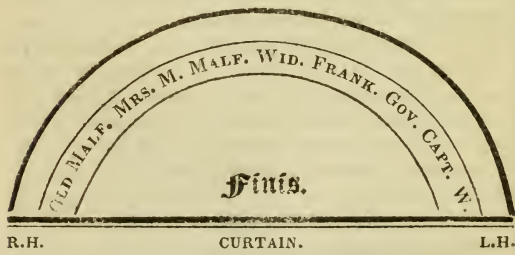
Wid. What, brother soldier, do you fall in to bring up the rear?—Well! If it must be so, it must:—Heartall, there's my hand! A mad and cheerful heart accompanies it—indulge it in its little whims—do not censure too freely its little caprices; though it may sometimes overflow at the distresses of the wretched, or gently melt at sorrows not its own—yet there still is room for friendship, confidence and love.

Gov. The powers of heaven shower their blessings on you!

Wid. Thanks, generous governor.—(*To the characters, and in a military accent.*) attention! —fall back! (*They retire one pace back, she comes forward*) in perilous times it may not be improper to request the countersign.—Say, is it victory or death?—your hands decide it.—(*In a military tone.*) “rear rank take close order!” (*The characters advance.*)—(*to them*)—you have received a voluntary contribution from a British public—let us endeavour to deserve it; and by our future efforts prove our gratitude to each loyal hand and heart that yields it's generous protection to

“A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.”

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



Epilogue.

(WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF THE COMEDY.)

SPOKEN BY MRS. JORDAN.

BEFORE the fatal knot is fairly tied ;
Before I change the Widow for the Bride ;
Once more at this tribunal I appear,
Nor doubt your favour to a VOLUNTEER.
Such am I now—though not by martial laws,
I VOLUNTEER it—in an Author's cause ;
This, his first bantling, could your candour spare,
And take his offspring to your fost'ring care—
Nurtur'd by *you* the tendril slip may root,
And fairer blossoms from its branches shoot.

Like puppies born are all dramatic brats,—
For *nine long days* they are as blind as bats ;
Poor crawling creatures, sons of care and night :
Then let this live till it can see the light ;
And should you foster it to twenty-one,
Why then———Oh, no,———
Dramatic bantlings, *never go alone* ;
Unlike mankind, if once the *nurse* forsake 'em,
They die by inches—and the *dogs* won't take 'em.
Say is the day our own—how goes my cause ?
You need not speak—I'll judge by your applause.

'Tis well—this approbation's cheering ;—
 I claim some merit from my *Volunteering* ;—
 Not like the hardy sons of Albion's soil,
 Disdaining peril, and severest toil ;
 A mass of subjects in one loyal band,
 To drive the spoiler from their native land ;
 And future tyrants teach that host to fear,
 Which boasts the name of *British Volunteer* !

Ladies—I one proposal fain would make,
 And trust you'll hear it for your country's sake,—
 While glory animates each *manly* nerve,
 Should British *Women* from the contest swerve ?
 No !——
 We'll form a female army—of RESERVE ;
 And class them thus—*Old Maids* are *Pioneers* ;
Widows, Sharp-shooters—*Wives* are *Fusileers* ;
Maids are *Battalion*—that's—all under twenty—
 And as for *Light Troops*—we have those in plenty !
Vixens the Trumpet blow—*Scolds* beat the Drum—
 When thus prepar'd—what enemy *dare come* ?
 Those eyes that even Britons could enslave,
 Will serve to light poor Frenchmen to their grave ;
 So shall the Artillery of British charms
 Repel invaders without force of arms !

If this succeeds—as I the scheme have plann'd,
 I expect, at least, the honour of command ;
 I have—an *Aid—de Camp*—behind the scene,
 Who all this winter in the *Camp* has been ;
 Inur'd to service in the tented field,
 She can, with ease, the pond'rous musket wield !
 The martial skill she shall impart to *you*,
 Which on this spot so oft has had review :—

Then, tremble France ! since *British* women can
A firelock *handle—as they do a fan !*

Now, Brother Soldiers—dare I sisters join ?
If you this night your efforts should combine,
To save *our corps* from anxious hope and fear,
And send out—Mercy, as a **VOLUNTEER !**
To whose white banner, should the critics flock,
Our rallying numbers might sustain the shock,
The sword shall drop--then cease impending slaughter,
If mercy's shield protects the—*Soldier's Daughter !*

Oxberry's Edition.

THE QUAKER,

A COMIC-OPERA ;

By Mr. C. Dibdin.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY
MARKED WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS,
AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

By W. OXBERRY, *Comedian.*

BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY WELLS AND LILLY—COURT-STREET :
A. T. GOODRICH & CO.—NEW-YORK.

1823.

Remarks.

THE QUAKER.

THIS little piece has always been attractive, though it is far from being of the first order. There seems to be a sort of opposition between the thoughts and deeds of people ; in proportion as the world is cold, and avaricious, it admires feeling and generosity ; and though few would undergo the peril of being a hero, all are delighted with the mimic character of it upon the stage. It is thus that Steady is ever a great favourite with the audience. Indeed it should seem as if in contradiction to the critical cant, people did not visit the Theatre to see Nature, but something either better or worse than Nature ; something that should either delight them by superior goodness, or harrow them by superior iniquity ; in fact they wish to have their feelings excited, and whether to tears or laughter, it is of little importance. No poetry ever was or ever can be, natural, and when the critical herd have talked a little longer on the subject, they may perhaps arrive at this conclusion.

The Quaker is so like the best of the French Vaudevilles, that there is little doubt of its success on one of their minor stages. We wonder no plagiarist of that country has hit upon the idea ; our authors borrow, and continue to borrow so much from them, that instead of complaining of such a theft, we ought to be rejoiced at any thing that

lessens the weight of our obligations. The Quaker himself, it is true, is something of a stumbling block ; the familiar phrase of *friend* is but indifferently translated by *mon ami*, but our lively neighbours are not apt to be embarrassed by such difficulties ; they have a peculiar knack of converting the substantial English roast into a flimsy fricassee, and we have no doubt that a French dramatic critic of any skill in his vocation would hash up the Quaker into an excellent dish for the Parisians.

Mr. Charles Dibdin was born at Southampton, about the year 1748, and educated at Winchester, with a view to the clerical function. His propensity for music, however, distracted his attention from every thing else, and brought him to town at the early age of fifteen. Mr. Dibdin appears to have exhibited a remarkable precocity of intellect ; for at sixteen years of age he brought out an opera, of two acts, at Covent Garden, called *The Shepherd's Artifice*, written and composed by himself. Unwilling, however, to commence too early a career as a writer, he contented himself, till after the run of *The Jubilee*, with composing music for others. *Love in the City*, *Lionel and Clarissa*, *The Padlock*, *The Jubilee*, *The Installation of the Garter*, and *The Christmas Tale*, are a few of the many pieces of which he only composed the music. His commencement as an actor, we believe, was as Damætas, in *Midas*. He afterwards, however, performed other characters ; we may particularly mention that he was the original Mungo, in *The Padlock*, in the year 1763 ; in which, as well as in Ralph, in *The Maid of the Mill*, he displayed such originality of conception, that his early secession from the stage has often been lamented. Of his Mungo, Mr. Victor, who must be allowed to have been a judge of these matters, says, "It is as complete a low character as ever

was exhibited." The author, Bickerstaffe, in his preface, has this passage : " The music of this piece being extremely admired by persons of the first taste and distinction, it would be injustice to the extraordinary talents of the young man who assisted me in it, was I not to declare, that it is, under my direction, the entire composition of Mr. Dibdin ; whose admirable performance, in the character of Mungo, does so much credit to himself and me ; as well as to the gentleman whose penetration could distinguish neglected genius, and who has taken pleasure in producing it to the public :"

When Mr. Dibdin retired from the stage, the Circus was built for him ; and he was manager of it for two seasons. He afterwards launched a new species of entertainment, which he continued for about twenty years ; himself the sole writer, composer, and performer. These exhibitions varied their titles, as well as their matter, from time to time : but we can recal to our recollection the following ; *The Whim of the Moment, The Oddities, The Quizzes, The Wags, Private Theatricals, Castles in the Air, Great News, The General Election, A Tour to the Land's End, Will-o-th' Wisp, Tom Wilkins, The Sphynx, the Frisk, Most Votes, Christmas Gambols, King and Queen, Valentine's Day, New Year's Gifts, Britain Strike Home, Heads and Tails, The Frolic, Datchet Mead, The Professional Volunteers, Rent Day, Commodore Pennant, &c. &c.*

Among other publications of this gentleman's, we have to record the following : *The Devil*, 2 vols. 8vo. about 1785 ; *The By-stander*, 4to. about 1787 ; *Musical Tour*, 4to. 1787 ; *Hannah Hewitt*, a novel, about 1792 ; *The Younger Brother*, a novel, about 1793 ; *History of the Stage*, 5 vols. 8vo. about 1795 : *Professional Life of Mr. Dibdin*, 4 vols. 8vo. 1802 ; *Observations on a Tour through*

England and Scotland, with views, &c. 4to, 1803; *Henry Hooka*, a novel, 1806; *The Public Undeceived*, 1807; *The English Pythagoras*; *The Musical Mentor*; *Music Epitomized*; *The Yeoman's Friend*; *The Lion and the Water Wagtail*, &c. &c.

For a few years Mr. Dibdin enjoyed a pension from Government of 200*l.* a year; on a change of administration, this was cut off; but we have heard that it was recently restored. Necessity, however, drove him a few years ago to open a shop in the Strand for the sale of music and musical instruments; but in this he was unfortunate, and a commission of bankruptcy issued against him. To this he appeared, and laid such a simple, candid and satisfactory statement of his affairs before the commissioners and his creditors, as redounded greatly to his honour, and procured him an early grant of his certificate. He was now, however, left a destitute man; when a few gentlemen, almost wholly unknown to him, held a private meeting, at which they made a contribution for him, and issued an invitation to the public to join their laudable endeavours in behalf of a man in the vale of years, and immersed in difficulties, but to whom the army, the navy, and the nation in general, were deeply indebted for his Tyrtæan strains; as well as for his multitudinous compositions, calculated to inspire a love of the country, and a zeal to protect it in a time of imminent danger. The result was, that such a sum was raised, as, though far below the merits of the case, enabled certain trustees to procure a moderate annual provision for Mr. Dibdin, his wife, and daughter, during his life; the principal sum being reserved for the two latter after his decease. He died July 25th, 1814; at Arlingstreet, Camden Town, and was buried at St. James', Hampstead Road—Aged, 69.

The following is a list of his dramatic pieces :

The Shepherd's Artifice, *D. P.* 8vo. 1765.—Damon and Phillida. *Altered from Cibber, C. O.* 8vo. 1768.—The Mis-chance, *Int.* 1772.—The Ladle, *Ent.* 8vo. 1773.—The Wedding Ring, *C. O.* 8vo. 1773.—The Deserter, *M. D.* 8vo. 1773.—The Waterman; or, The first of August, *B. O.* 8vo. 1774.—The Cobbler; or, A Wife of ten Thousand, *B. O.* 8vo. 1774.—The Metamorphoses, *C. O.* 8vo. 1776.—The Seraglio, *C. O.* 8vo. 1776.—The Quaker, *C. O.* 8vo. 1777.—Poor Vulcan, *Burl.* 8vo. 1778.—The Gipsies, *C. O.* 8vo. 1778.—Rose and Colin, *C. O.* 8vo. 1778.—The Wives revenged, *C. O.* 8vo. 1778.—Annette and Lubin, *C. O.* 8vo. 1778.—The Chelsea Pensioner, *C. O.* 8vo. 1779.—The Mirrour; or, Harlequin every where, *Pant. Burl.* 8vo. 1779.—The Touchstone, *Pant.* 1779. N. P.—The Shepherdess of the Alps, *C. O.* 8vo. 1780.—Harlequin Freemason, *P.* 1780.—The Islanders, *C. O.* 8vo. 1781.—Jupiter and Alcmena, *Burl.* 1781. N. P.—Marriage Act, *F.* 8vo. 1781.—None so blind as those who won't see, *M. F.* 1782. N. P.—The Graces, *Int.* 8vo. 1782.—The Cestus, *Ser.* 8vo. 1783.—Harlequin the Phantom of a Day, *P.* 8vo. 1783.—The Lancashire Witches, *Pant.* 1783.—Long Odds, *Ser.* 8vo. 1783.—Clump and Cudden, *C. M. P.* 8vo. 1785.—A Game at Commerce, *C.* 1785. N. P.—Liberty Hall, *Mus. Piece.* 8vo. 1785.—Harvest Home, *C. O.* 8vo. 1787.—A Loyal Effusion, *D. Ent.* 1797. N. P.—Hannah Hewitt, *M. E.* 1798. N. P.—The Broken Gold, *B. Op.* 1806. N. P.—The Saloon, *M. Ent.* N. P.—The Statue, *M. Ent.* N. P.—She's Mad for a Husband, *M. Ent.* N. P.—The False Dervise, *Int.* N. P.—Land of Simplicity, *N. P.*—The Milkmaid, *Ser.* N. P.—Pandora, *M. Ent.* N. P.—Passions, *M. Ent.* N. P.—Refusal of Harlequin, *Pant.* N. P.—Regions of Accomplishment, *M. Ent.* N. P.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is about one hour and a quarter.

Stage Directions.

By R.H. - - - - -	is meant - - - - -	Right Hand.
L.H. - - - - -		Left Hand.
S.E. - - - - -		Second Entrance.
U.E. - - - - -		Upper Entrance.
M.D. - - - - -		Middle Door.
D.F. - - - - -		Door in Flat.
R.H.D. - - - - -		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D. - - - - -		Left Hand Door.

Costume.

LUBIN.

Green frock coat, scarlet waistcoat, leather breeches, white stockings, round hat.

STEADY.

Quaker's suit of brown cloth, black beaver hat.

SOLOMON.

Quaker's suit of drab cloth, black hat.

EASY.

Dark drab cloth coat and breeches, scarlet waistcoat.

VILLAGERS.

Various coloured coats, or smock frocks.

GILLIAN.

Pink slip, and white leno frock trimmed with white ribbon.

FLORETTA.

Smart coloured gown, and leno apron.

CICELY.

Grey stuff gown, blue quilted petticoat, white apron, coloured shawl and mob cap.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury Lane, 1820.</i>	<i>Covent Garden, 1805.</i>
<i>Steady</i>	Mr. Incedon.	Mr. Incedon.
<i>Lubin</i>	Mr. T. Cooke.	Mr. Taylor.
<i>Solomon</i>	Mr. Oxberry.	Mr. Liston.
<i>Easy</i>	Mr. Carr.	Mr. Davenport.
<i>Gillian</i>	Miss Povey.	Mrs. Atkins.
<i>Floretta</i>	Mrs. Orger.	Mrs. Margerum.
<i>Cicely</i>	Mrs. Margerum.	Miss Leserve.

Servants—Countrymen, &c.

THE QUAKER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An irregular Hill carried quite to the back of the Stage, so situated that LUBIN, who comes from it during the Symphony of the Duet, is sometimes seen and sometimes concealed by the Trees. A Cottage, R.H. near the front.*

LUBIN comes over the Stile with a Stick and Bundle on his shoulder.

AIR AND DUET.—LUBIN and CICELY.

Lub. 'Midst thrushes, blackbirds, nightingales,
Whose songs are echo'd from the vales,
Trudging along through thick and thin,
Thank Fate, at last I've reach'd the door;
(Knocks at the Cottage door.)
How pleas'd they'll be to let me in!
I've walk'd amain,
And yet ne'er leaving her before,
Hast'ning to see my love again,
I thought each furlong half-a-score.—
They're long, methinks—

Cice. (*At the window.*) — *Who's there, I trow?*

Lub. *Look out good mother don't you know?*

'Tis Lubin. How does Gillian do?

And Hodge, and Margery, and Sue?

Cice. *Not a whit better, sir for you.*

Lub. *Why, what's the matter? why d'ye frown?*

Cice. *You shall know all when I come down.*

Lub. *What is the meaning of all this?*

Oh, here she comes.—

Enter CICEY, from the Cottage.

Cice. — *Well, what's amiss?*

Who are you, making all this stir?

If to come in you mean,

You may as well be jogging, sir,

While yet your boots are green.

Lub. *I'm perfectly like one astound,*

I know not, I declare,

Whether I'm walking on the ground,

Or flying in the air.

This treatment is enough to quite

Bereave one of one's wits.

Cice. *Good luck-a-day! and do you bite,*

Pray, ever, in these fits?

Lub. *But you are jesting—*

Cice. — *Think so still.*

Lub. *Where's Gillian?—*

Cice. — *She's not here:*

She's gone abroad, sir, she is ill,

She's dead, you cannot see her,

She knows you not, did never see

Your face in all her life;

In short, to-morrow she's to be

Another person's wife.

Cice. I tell you we know nothing at all about you.

Lub. You don't! why then may happen my name 'en't Lubin Blackthorn, and 'tis likely I did not set out six months ago to see my father down in the west, and ask his consent to my marriage with your daughter Gillian; and I warrant you I did not stay till my father died, to take possession of his farm and every thing that belonged to him; nay, you'll want to make me believe presently that I 'en't come now to settle affairs, and take her back into the country with me.

Cice. Don't make a fool of yourself, young man: get back to your farm, and graze your oxen. You won't get a lamb out of our fold, I promise you.

Lub. Well, but in sober sadness, you 'en't serious, are you?

Cice. Serious! why don't I tell you, Gillian's to be married to another to-morrow?

Lub. Where is she? I'll hear it from her own mouth.

Cice. I believe about this time she is trying on her wedding suit.

Lub. And who is this she is going to be married to? I'll see him, and know what he has done to deserve her more than I have.

Cice. Done to deserve her!

Lub. Yes, done to deserve her. You forget, I suppose, when I've carried her milk-pail for her, or taken her share of work in the hay-field, how you us'd to say, that I was a true lover in-

deed: but I don't desire to have any thing to say to you—you'll repent first.

Cice. Poor young man?

Lub. Nay, but don't you think you have us'd me very ill now?

Cice. I thought you said you would not speak a word to me?

Lub. Nay, but dame Cicely--

Cice. Your servant. If you have a mind to be a brideman, we shall be glad to see you.

[*Exit into the Cottage.*]

Lub. A very pretty spot of work this! and so I have come a hundred miles to make a fool of myself, and to be laughed at by the whole village.

AIR.--LUBIN.

*I lock'd up all my treasure,
I journey'd many a mile,
And by my grief did measure
The passing time the while.*

*My business done and over,
I hasten'd back amain,
Like an expecting lover,
To view it once again.*

*But this delight was stifled,
As it began to dawn;
I found the casket rifled,
And all my treasure gone.*

Enter EASY, L.H.

Lub. Here comes her father. I don't suppose he had much hand in it; for so he had his afternoon's nap in quiet, he was always for letting things go as they would. So, master Easy, you have consented, I find, to marry your daughter to another, after promising me over and over, that nobody should have her but me.

Easy. My wife desired me.

Lub. Your mind is strangely altered, farmer Easy. But do me one piece of justice however—tell me, who is it you intend for your son-in-law?

Easy. 'Tis a rich one, I assure you.

Lub. And so you have broke your word, and all for the lucre of gain. And, pray now, don't you expect to be hooted out of the village?

Easy. I can't say I do.

Lub. Then they're a vile pack of wretches, and I'll get away from them as soon as I can.—*(Crosses to L.H.)*—Go on, go on—let me know all.

Easy. You are in a passion, child, so I don't regard what you say: but I think I should have been out of my wits to have refused Mr. Steady, the rich quaker.

Lub. What, is it he then?

Easy. It is.

Lub. What, he that you are steward to; he that does so much good all about; and he that gives a portion every May day to a damsel, as a reward for her sweetheart's ingenuity?

Easy. The same. You have seen the nature of it—that villager who can boast of having done the most ingenious thing, claims a right to demand a farm, containing sixty acres, rent free for seven years, and a hundred pounds to stock it, together with whatever maiden he chooses, provided he gains her consent : and it is a good custom ; for the young men who formerly used to vie with one another in the feats of strength, now as I may say, vie with one another in feats of understanding.

Lub. And so he is to marry your daughter ?

Easy. Things are as I tell you. And for that purpose he has taken Gillian into his own house, had her taught music, and to say the truth, she is a different thing to what she was when you saw her last.

Lub. She is, indeed ! for when I saw her last, she told me, that all the riches in the world should never make her forget me.

Easy. But since she has changed her mind ; and as it so falls out, that to-morrow is May-day, you would do well to study some ingenious thing, and get this portion for a more deserving damsel.

Lub. No, farmer Easy ; her using me ill is no reason why I should do any thing to make me angry with myself ; I swore to love her for ever, and I'll keep my word, though I see she has broke hers.

Easy. Do what you please ; I must be gone.

Lub. Nay, but tell me one thing---did Gillian herself consent to this ?

Easy. You'll know all in good time.

[Exit into the Cottage.]

AIR.—LUBIN.

*Women are will-'o'-the-whisps 'tis plain,
The closer they seem, still the more they retire ;
They tease you, and jade you,
And round about lead you,
Without hopes of shelter,
Ding-dong, helter-skelter,
Through water and fire :*

*And when you believe every danger and pain
From your heart you may banish,
And you're near the possession of what you desire,
That instant they vanish,
And the devil a bit can you catch them again.*

*By some they're not badly compar'd to the sea,
Which is calm and tempestuous within the same
hour ;*

*Some say they are Syrens, but take it from me,
They're a sweet race of angels, o'er man that
have power ;*

*His person, his heart, nay his reason to seize,
And lead the poor creature wherever they please.*

[Exit, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Quaker's House, with
Glass Doors in the Back.*

Enter FLORETTA and GILLIAN, R.H.

Flo. Pooh, pooh, you must forget Lubin.

Gil. How can you talk so, Floretta? I won't

tho', and none of them shall make me ; they all frightened me, by saying it was a bad thing not to obey my parents, and so I consented to marry this quaker-man ; but there's a wide difference between marrying him and forgetting Lubin.

Flo. And so you would be silly enough to prefer being the homely wife of a clown, to rolling about in your own coach, having your own servants to wait on you, and, in short, leading the life of a fine lady !

Gil. Oh, lord ! I am sick at the thoughts of being a fine lady ! but what's the reason, Floretta, that my friends want to make me so unhappy ? I'm sure I'd do any thing rather than vex them.

Flo. Why you know that Mr. Steady's will is a law to us all ; and as he had desired your friends to consent to this marriage, how could they refuse ?

Gil. Well, but you know he is a very good natured man ; and I dare say, if I was to tell him how disagreeable he is, and that I can't bear the sight of him, he'd let me marry Lubin.

Flo. Suppose you try.

Gil. So I will.

Flo. But how are you sure this Lubin you are so fond of, is as fond of you ?

Gil. I've tried a thousand ways.

AIR.---GILLIAN.

*A kernel from an apple core,
One day on either cheek I wore,*

*Lubin was plac'd on my right cheek,
That on my left did Hodge bespeak.
Hodge in an instant dropp'd to ground,
Sure token that his love's unsound ;
But Lubin nothing could remove,
Sure token his is constant love.*

*Last May I sought to find a snail,
That might my lover's name reveal ;
Which finding, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the embers spread ;
When, if my letters I can tell,
I saw it mark a curious L.
Oh, may this omen lucky prove !
For L's for Lubin and for Love.*

Enter STEADY, L.H.

Stea. Verily thou rejoicest me to find thee singing and in such spirits.

Gil. I was singing to be sure ; but I cannot say much about being in spirits.

Stea. No ? why do not thy approaching nuptials lift up, and as it were exhilarate thee ?

Flo. Lord, sir ! there's no persuading her, nothing will get this Lubin out of her head.

Stea. And why, young maiden, wilt thou not listen unto me ? have I not, for thy pleasure, given into all the vanities in which youth delights ? I tell thee, that although my complexion be saturnine, my manners are not austere ; why therefore likest thou not me ?

Gil. I should like you very well if you were my father, but I don't like you at all for a husband.

Stea. And wherefore, I pray thee?

Gil. Oh, there are reasons enough.

Stea. Which be they?

Gil. Why, in the first place, I should want you to change your clothes, and to have you as spruce as I am.

Stea. Rather do thou change those thou wear-est, unto the likeness of mine. 'The dove regardeth not the gay plumage of the gaudy mack-aw, and the painted rainbow delighteth our sight, but it vanishes away, yea, even as a vapour. What more?

Gil. Why, in the next place, I should want to change your age, and have you as young as I am.

Stea. She speaketh her mind, and I esteem her.—(*Aside.*) Therefore, why then, since it is necessary unto my peace, that thou shouldst become bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, and thou canst not fashion thy disposition unto the likeness of mine, I will make it my study to double thy pleasure, until that which is now gratitude, shall at last become love.

Gil. Ah! you'll never see that day, so you had better take no trouble about it.

Stea. Thou art mistaken, and when thou beholdest the gambols to-morrow on the green---

Gil. I shall long most monstrously to make one amongst them.

Stea. And so thou shalt. Goodness forbid that I should withhold from thee those pleasures that are innocent.

AIR.—STEADY.

*While the lads of the village shall merrily, ah !
Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along,
And I say unto thee, that verily, ah !
Thou and I will be first in the throng.
While the lads, &c.*

*Just then when the swain who last year won the dower,
With his mates shall the sports have begun,
When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each bower,
And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.
While the lads, &c.*

*Those joys which are harmless, what mortal can blame ?
'Tis my maxim, that youth should be free ;
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the same,
Believe me, thou'lt presently see.
While the lads, &c.* [Exit, R.H.]

Gil. What an unfortunate girl am I, Floretta !

Flo. What makes you think so ?

Gil. Why, what would make you think so too, if you were in my place.

Flo. Well then, I own I do think so ; and if you'll promise not to betray me, I'll stand your friend in this affair.

Gil. Will you ? oh law ! and what must be done Floretta ?

Flo. Why—but see yonder's a lover of mine ; I'll make him of use to us.

Gil. Lord ! what's Solomon your lover ? I hate him with his proverbs and his formality. What the deuce do you intend to do with him ?

Flo. What women generally do with their

lovers, my dear, make a fool of him.—Mr. Solomon!

Enter SOLOMON, L.H.

Sol. I listened, when, lo! thou calledst me: and as the voice of the shepherd is delightful unto the sheep in his fold, so even is thy voice delightful unto me.

Flo. There's a lover for you! why the spirit moves you, Mr. Solomon, to say abundance of fine things.

Sol. According unto the proverb, love maketh a wit of the fool.

Flo. Yes, and a fool of the wit. But do you love me?

Sol. When thou seest one of our speakers dancing a jig at a country wake; when thou beholdest the brethren take off their beavers, and bow their bodies, or hearest them swear, then believe I love thee not.

Flo. A very pompous speech, upon my word.

Sol. An ill phrase may come from a good heart; but all men cannot do all things; one getteth an estate by what another getteth an halter; a foolish man—

Flo. Talks just as you do now. But will you do a little favour I have to beg of you.

Sol. Slaves obey the will of those who command them.

Flo. There is a young man who has been used ill—

Sol. 'Tis very like; kind words are easier

met with than good actions; charity seldom goeth out of the house, while ill-nature is always rambling abroad.

Flo. His name is Lubin, and I want you to inquire him out, and appoint him to meet me to-morrow morning very early, in the row of elms at the bottom of the garden.

Sol. But shall I not in this offend my master?

Flo. Never mind him: suppose if he should find us out, and scold us a little—

Sol. True—high words break no bones. But wilt thou give me a smile if I do this for thee?

Gil. Ay, that she shall Mr. Solomon, and I'll give you another.

Sol. But wilt thou appoint the spousal day?

Flo. You are so hasty, Mr. Solomon—

Sol. And with reason; a man may catch cold while his coat is making. Shall it be to-morrow?

Flo. Must I promise?

Sol. Yea, and perform too; 'tis not plumbs only that maketh the pudding.

Flo. Well, well, we'll talk about it another time.

Sol. No time like the time present.

Flo. Nay, now but go, Solomon.

Sol. An egg to-day is better than a chicken to-morrow. Many things fall out between the cup and the lip.

Flo. Pray now go.

Sol. Yea, I will.—(*Goes to R.H.D.—Returns.*)—
A bird in the hand is better than two in the bush.

[*Exit R.H.*

Gil. What a fright of a creature it is ! How good you are, Floretta.

Flo. I could not bear to see you used in such a manner ; and when I reflected on it, it went to my heart.

AIR.—FLORETTA.

*“ I said to myself, now, Floretta, says I,
Supposing the case was your own ;
Would you not be the first ev’ry method to try,
To get rid of this canting old drone ?
You well know you would, and you’re worse than a Turk,
If one minute you hesitate whether,
In justice you should not your wits set to work,
To bring Lubin and Gillian together.*

*“ To be certain old Formal will frown and look blue,
Call you baggage, deceitful, bold-face,
With all manner of names he can lay his tongue to,
And perhaps turn you out of your place.
What of that ? Let him frown, let him spit all his spite,
Your heart still as light as a feather,
With truth shall assure you, ’tis doing but right,
To bring Gillian and Lubin together.”* [Exit, L.H.

Gil. I wonder what they plague us poor girls so for ? Fathers and mothers in this case are comical folks ; they are for ever telling one what they’ll do to please one ; and yet, when they take it into their heads, they make nothing of desiring us to be miserable as long as one lives. I wish I could be dutiful and happy too. May be Floretta will bring matters about for me to marry Lubin with their consent ; if she does, lord, how I shall love her !

AIR.—GILLIAN.

*The captive linnet newly taken,
Vainly strives and vents its rage ;
With struggling pants, by hope forsaken,
And flutters in its golden cage ;
But once releas'd, to freedom soaring,
Quickly on some neighbouring tree,
It sings, as if its thanks 'twere pouring,
To bless the Hand that set it free. [Exit. L.H.]*

SCENE III.—*A wall at the back of the Quaker's Garden.*

Enter LUBIN, L.H.

Lub. 'Tis all true, 'tis all true ; there's not a soul in the whole village that has not had something to say to me about it. Some pity me, others laugh at me, and all blame me for making myself uneasy. I know, if I did as I ought to do, I should get me back, and think no more concerning of them : but instead of that, here am I come creeping to the garden-gate, to see if I can get a sight of her. Who comes yonder ?—Oh, 'tis her father and the old Quaker. I'll listen and hear what they are talking about. *(Retires, R.H.S.E.)*

Enter STEADY and EASY, L.H.

Stea. Friend Easy, hie thee home to thy wife, tell her to hold herself ready for to-morrow,

and say unto her, that when the youth who gains the customary dower shall receive from me the hand of his bride, I will from thee receive the hand of thy daughter.

Lub. Why, I must be turned fool to hear all this and not say a word. *(Aside.)*

Stea. Get thee gone friend. *[Exit Easy, R.H.]*

Enter SOLOMON, L.H.

Stea. Where art thou going?

Sol. The truth is not to be spoken at all times. *(Aside.)* Into the village about a little business for Mrs. Floretta.

Stea. Verily, I do suspect thee to be in a plot against me. I will not have thee therefore do this business: stay here by me.

FLORETTA and GILLIAN looking over the Garden Wall.

Flo. I wonder whether Solomon is gone.

Gil. Oh, dear Floretta, as sure as you're alive, yonder's Lubin!

Flo. So there is. And see on the other side the old fellow talking to Solomon.

QUINTETTO.

Stea. *Regard the instructions, I say,
Which I am now giving thee—*

Sol. ——— *Yea.*

Stea. *Speed betimes to friend Easy, and bid him
take care,*

The minstrels, the feasting, and sports to prepare.

He must keep away Lubin too.—

Lub. (Peeping on R.H.S.E.) —Can I bear this?

Gil. Won't you call out to Solomon presently?

Flo. —Yes.

*Stea. And do thou attend with thy dobbins of beer,
And see that our neighbours and friends have
good cheer :*

Make the whole village welcome, and—

Flo. —Solomon!

Stea. —Stay.

Flo. You blockhead come here,—

Stea. —Dost thou notice me?

Sol. —Yea.

*(Here as often as Solomon tries to speak to Floretta
and Gillian, he is prevented by Steady.)*

Stea. Stand still then.—

Flo. —Friend Solomon.—

Lub. Is it not she?

Flo. Mind the oaf.—

Gil. —Ha, ha, ha!

Lub. —They are laughing at me.

Stea. See that garlands are ready—

Gil & Flo. —Ha, ha, ha!

Lub. —Again,

*Oh Gillian! thou falsest of women, since when
Have I merited this?*

Stea. —So that when on the lawn—

Lub. But I'll speak to her:—

Gil. —Look, look, he sees us!—

Stea. —Begone.

But hark thee——

Lub. Oh, Gillian! how wicked thou art!

*Thou hast fooled me, betrayed me and broke
my poor heart,*

*But henceforth with safety in infamy reign,
For I never, no never, will see you again.*

[Exit R.H.]

*Gil. He's gone! Now, lord, lord! I'm so mad, I
could cry;*

Flo. Here, Solomon!—

Stea. —Go where I told thee—

Sol. —I fly!

Stea. Well, do then, and tarry no where by the way.

Flo. Quickly run after Lubin.—

Gil. —Do, Solomon.—

Sol. —Yea.

Stea. What, Gillian, art there?

Gil. —Yes, I am!—

Stea. Why dost sigh,

When the hour of thy happiness waxeth so nigh?

Gil. Why, you know well enough.—

Stea. —Come, come, do not sorrow.

Gil. Go along: get away!—

Stea. —By yea, and by nay,

Thy mind shall be easy, believe me, to-morrow.

[Exeunt, R.H.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Garden.

Enter LUBIN, L.H.

Lub. What a plague have they brought me here for? I am in a rare humour—they'd better not provoke me—they would not have set eyes on me again, if it had not been that I want to

see how she can look me in the face after all this.

Enter FLORETTA, R.H.

Flo. There he is. *(Aside.)*

Lub. She shall find that I am not to be persuaded into any thing. *(Aside.)*

Flo. We shall try.

Lub. And if her father and all of them were at this minute begging and praying me to marry her, they should see— *(Aside.)*

Flo. That you would consent to it with all your heart. *(Aside.)*

Lub. I'll just abuse her heartily; tell the Quaker what an old fool he is; call her father and mother all to pieces for persuading to her marrying him; then get me down to my farm, and be as careful to keep myself out of love, as I would to keep my wheat free from tares, a fox from my poultry, or the murrain from my cattle. *(Aside.)*

Flo. If I should make you alter your tone now? *(Aside.)*

Lub. I remember the time, when 'twas who should love most: but what a fool am I to think of that now—no, no, she shall find I can forget her, as easily as she can forget me. *(Aside.)*

Flo. That I firmly believe. *(Aside.)*

DUET.—FLORETTA and LUBIN.

Flo. *(Taps his shoulder.)* How! Lubin sad! this is not common;

What do ye sigh for?

Lub. ———A woman.

*Flo. How fair is she who on your brow
Prints care?—*

Lub. ———Just such a toy as thou.

Flo. What has she done?

Lub. ———For ever lost my love.

Flo. That's sad, indeed! And can no prayers move?

*Lub. None: 'tis too late, that folly is o'er;
My love's turn'd to hate, and I'll see her no
more.*

*The time has been when all our boast
Was who should love the other most.*

*How did I count without my host!
I thought her mine for ever.*

*But now I know her all deceit:
Will tell her so whene'er we meet,
And, was she sighing at my feet—*

Flo. You would forgive her.—

Lub. ———Never.

*Flo. Then I may e'en go back, I find;
To serve you, sir, I was inclin'd;
But to your own advantage blind,
'Twould be a vain endeavour.
'Tis certain she does all she can,
And we had form'd a charming plan
To take her from the Quaker-man.*

Lub. Nay, pr'ythee tell it—

Flo. ———Never.

Enter GILLIAN, L.H.

Flo. Here she is; now let her speak for herself.

Gil. Oh, Lubin! why would you not hear me speak to you yesterday? I did not sleep a wink all night for thinking on't.

Lub. Why, had I not reason, Gillian, to be angry, when every one I met told me what a fool you had made of me?

Gil. Why, what could I do? Floretta here knows that I have done nothing but abuse old Steady from morning 'till night about it.

Flo. Come, come, don't let us dispute about what's past, but make use of the present opportunity; we have not a moment to lose. Get you to my master, make up a plausible story how ill you have been used by an old fellow, who has run away with your sweetheart; and tell him, that you come to complain to him, as you know 'tis a custom for every body to do when they are used ill.

Gil. What a rare girl you are, Floretta. But are you sure he won't know him?

Flo. No; I heard your father say, he never saw him in all his life.

Lub. That's lucky; leave me alone for a plausible story. [Exit, R.H.]

Enter SOLOMON, L.H.

Flo. Here comes my formal messenger. Well, Solomon, where's your master?

Sol. In the great hall awaiting your approach.

Gil. I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Solomon.

Sol. Words cost us nothing. If I have done thee service, thank me by deeds.

Gil. Oh, what you want me to coax Floretta to marry you?

Sol. I do.

Flo. Solomon has it very much in his power to make me love him.

Sol. How, I pray thee ?

Flo. Why, I have said a hundred times, that I never would marry a man who has always a proverb in his mouth.

Gil. So you have, Floretta ; I have heard you.

Sol. And thou wouldst have me leave off mine—a word to the wise—thou shalt hear them no more.

Flo. Why that sounded something like one.

Sol. It must be done by degrees. Word by word great books are written.

Flo. Again.

Sol. I pray thee to pardon me ; I shall soon conquer them : but Rome was not built in a day.

Flo. Oh ! this is making game of one.

Sol. I protest I meant no ill. I shall forget them I say. 'Tis a long lane that hath no turning.

Gil. Poor Solomon, he can't help it.

Flo. Have you any desire to marry me ?

Sol. Ask the vintner if the wine be good.

Flo. Because I will have my way in this ; and I think it very hard you won't strive to oblige me.

Sol. I protest, I strive all I can ; but custom is second nature ; and what is bred in the bone—verily I had like to have displeased thee again.

Flo. Oh ! what you found yourself out, did you ? then there's some hopes of amendment.

Sol. It shall be amended. A thing resolved

upon is half done ; and 'tis and old saying—but what have I to do with old sayings ?

Flo. Very true.

Sol. But I must attend on the green.

Flo. Well, go ! and by the time I see you next, take care that you get rid of all your musty old sayings. I wonder how so sensible a man as you, could give into such nonsense.

Sol. Evil communication corrupts good manners ; and a dog—pies on the dog ! well, thou shalt be obeyed, believe me—pies on the dog !

[*Exit, L.H.*

Gil. For goodness sake, what excuse do you intend to make to him, when he has left off his proverbs ?

Flo. Why desire him to leave off something else ; and at the rate of one in a month, he won't have parted with all his peculiarities in seven years.

Gil. Well, how we do use men in love with us, when we take it into our heads !

Flo. And yet they are fools to be used so by us. But I am sure you will never use Lubin ill—he will make you the happiest girl in the world.

AIR.*—FLORETTA.

*The face which frequently displays
An index of the mind,
Dame Nature has her various ways
To stamp on human kind.*

* This song is sometimes omitted.

*Purs'd brows denote the purse-proud man,
 Intent on some new scheme ;
 Clos'd eyes the politician,
 For ever in a dream.*

*But features of ingenuous kind,
 Which semblance bear of truth,
 Display, methinks, in face and mind,
 The portrait of this youth. [Exeunt L.H.*

SCENE II.—A Hall.

Enter STEADY, L.H. and LUBIN, R.H.

Lub. Your servant, sir.

Stea. Thine, friend.

Lub. I hope, sir, you'll excuse my rudeness.

Stea. I don't perceive thee guilty of any.

Lub. May be not ; but I made bold to ask, if I might not trouble your worship about a little affair, concerning my being sadly ill used.

Stea. Speak freely.

Lub. Why there's a covetous old hunks, an't like your worship, that because he is rich, would fain take away a young woman that I was to be married to, without her consent or mine.

Stea. Has the old hunks, thou speakest of, the consent of her friends ?

Lub. They have no consent to give, an't please you.

Stea. And why, I pray thee ?

Lub. Because, as I take it, if any body gives a thing, 'tis not their's any longer ; and they gave me their consent long ago.

Stea. Thou speakest the truth, but what wouldest thou have me to do in this business?

Lub. Why, please you, sir, I have often heard it said of your worship, that there were three things you'd never suffer in our village, if you could help it—the maidens to go without sweet-hearts—the industrious without reward—and the injured without redress—and to be sure it made me think that if you were once acquainted with the rights of this affair, you would not suffer it to go on; for, says I, set in case it was his worship's own concern, how would he like to have the young woman taken away from him, that he is going to marry?

Stea. There thou saidst it.

Lub. Why yes, I thought that was bringing the case home.

Stea. Well, attend on the lawn; make thy claim known, and if the parties concerned are present, deliver to them what I now write thee for that purpose. (*Goes to the table and writes.*)

Lub. This is better and better still—how they'll all be laughed at—he little thinks he is signing his consent to part with Gillian. (*Aside.*)

Stea. Do thou direct it;—(*Giving him the paper.*)—thou knowest to whom it is to be given.

Lub. Yes, I am sure the person will be upon the lawn.

Stea. And fear not to tell him thy mind.

Lub. I shan't be sparing of that, I warrant you.

Stea. Urge thy ill usage.

Lub. Never fear me.

Stea. And tell him, that by endeavouring to prevent thy happiness, he hath done thee an injury he can never repair. For that riches are given us to comfort and not distress those beneath us.

AIR.—LUBIN.

*With respect, sir, to you, be it spoken,
So well do I like your advice,
He shall have it, and by the same token,
I don't much intend to be nice.*

*There's something so comical in it,
I ne'er was so tickled by half,
And was I to die the next minute,
I verily think I should laugh.*

*Affairs happen better and better,
Your worship, but mind the old put,
When first he looks over the letter,
I say, what a figure he'll cut.* [Exit, R.H.]

Enter GILLIAN and FLORETTA, L.H.

Flo. Yonder he goes—I wonder how he succeeded?

Stea. Come, Gillian, I was anxious to see thee—the time draweth near, and the sports will shortly begin on the lawn.

Gil. I long to be there as much as you do.

Stea. I doubt it not—and when thou seest thyself the queen of such a set of happy mortals, I know thou wilt consent that this shall be thy bridal day.

Flo. Yes, sir, if you'll consent to her having Lubin.

Gil. And I can tell you he's to be there.

Stea. Lubin, I'm sure, will not oppose what I decree.

Gil. I'm sure he won't part with me quietly.

Stea. Thou shalt see that he will not dare to murmur at my will and pleasure. But come, we are expected. Verily I find myself exalted even to transport, in that I am going this day to make thee a bride.

AIR.—STEADY.

*In verity, damsel, thou surely wilt find,
That my manners are simple and plain ;
That my words and my actions, my lips and my mind,
By my own good-will never are twain.*

I love thee—umph !

Would move thee—umph !

Of love to be a partaker.

Relent then—umph !

Consent then—umph !

And take thy upright Quaker.

*Though vain I am not, nor of foppery possess'd,
Wouldst thou yield to be wedded to me,
Thou shouldst find, gentle damsel, a heart in my breast,
As joyful as joyful can be.*

I love thee, &c.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Gil. Why I don't see but that I am as bad off as ever, Floretta.

Flo. I don't know what to make of it myself; but, however, if the worst comes to the worst, you must downright give them the slip and run away.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Enter LUBIN, R.H.

Lub. Gillian, I have just watched the old Quaker out, and slipped back to tell you that every thing goes well. I have got his consent under his hand to marry the young woman.

Gil. And does he know 'tis me?

Lub. Not a bit; but you know he never forfeits his word, so that we have him safe enough. But don't let us be seen together. I am going to the lawn—we shall have fine sport, I warrant you. *[Exit, R.H.]*

AIR.—GILLIAN.

*Again I feel my bosom bound,
My heart sits lightly on its seat;
My griefs are all in rapture drown'd,
In every pulse new pleasures beat.*

*Upon my troubled mind at last,
Kind fate has pour'd a friendly balm;
So after dreadful perils past,
At length succeeds a smiling calm. [Exit, R.H.]*

SCENE III.—*A Lawn, with a May-pole.*

STEADY, EASY, LUBIN, SOLOMON, GILLIAN, FLORETTA,
CICELY, COUNTRY LADS and LASSES, *discovered.*

Stea. Friends and neighbours, it hath been my study since I first came among you, to do whatever might procure me your love and esteem. I have instituted a custom, the salutary effects

of which I view with great gladness; and each is well entitled to the reward he has received. I will now propose to you a question, to see which of you can make the most ready reply.—What, of all things in the world, is the longest and the shortest, the swiftest and the slowest, the most precious, the most neglected, and without which nothing can be done?

First C. The earth.

Stea. No.

Second C. Ah, I knew you would not guess it: Light, an't please your worship.

Stea. Thou art as much mistaken as he, friend.

Lub. 'Tis my belief 'tis time. Nothing can be longer, because 'twill last for ever—nothing can be shorter, because 'tis gone in a moment—nothing can go slower than it does, when one's away from her one loves, and nothing swifter when one's with her. 'Tis an old saying—

Sol. Friend, I hate old sayings.

Lub. That 'tis as precious as gold; and yet we are always throwing it away. And, your worship, as a proof that nothing can be done without it, if the old gentleman we were talking about to-day, had not had the opportunity of my absence, he could not have run away with a certain young damsel.

Stea. Thou hast solved my question aright, and art indeed an ingenuous youth. If thou goest on as thou hast begun, I foresee that thou wilt win the dower. Give me now your several claims, sealed up as usual, and go on with the sports while I peruse them.

A Dance.

Stea. Hast thou nothing to give, young man?
(*To Lubin.*)

Lub. Why yes, please your worship, I have.

Stea. This is addressed unto me! let me view the contents—how! my own hand!—thou expectest, I find, to receive this damsel for thy wife; and thy plot, which thou didst so artfully carry on, was contrived to make my neighbours laugh at me.

Lub. No, with respect to your worship, 'twas to keep them from laughing at you.

Stea. How is this?

Lub. Why, you know, you advised me to tell the old gentleman a piece of my mind.

Stea. Thou shalt see the revenge I will take upon thee for this. I will comply with the contents of this paper to the utmost. Here, read this aloud.
(*To a Countryman.*)

Coun. 'If the youth Lubin—'

Stea. Thou seest I knew thee then.

Lub. I am afraid I have been too cunning for myself.

Stea. You see, neighbours, how I am treated; and I request of you to be witness how much it behoveth us to resent such injuries. Go on.

Coun. 'If the youth Lubin, will faithfully love and cherish the maiden, called Gillian, and make her a good helpmate, I do freely give my consent to her becoming his wife, and request her friends to do the same.'

Lub. How is this!

Stea. This is my revenge. By thy ingenuity thou hast won the dower; and by thy truth and integrity, my friendship.

Lub. Was ever the like?

Gil. I never could abide you before, but now I shall love you as long as I live.

Stea. Verily, my heart warmeth unto you both; your innocency and love are equally respectable. And would the voluptuous man taste a more exquisite sensation than the gratifying his passions, let him prevail upon himself to do a benevolent action.

CATCH.

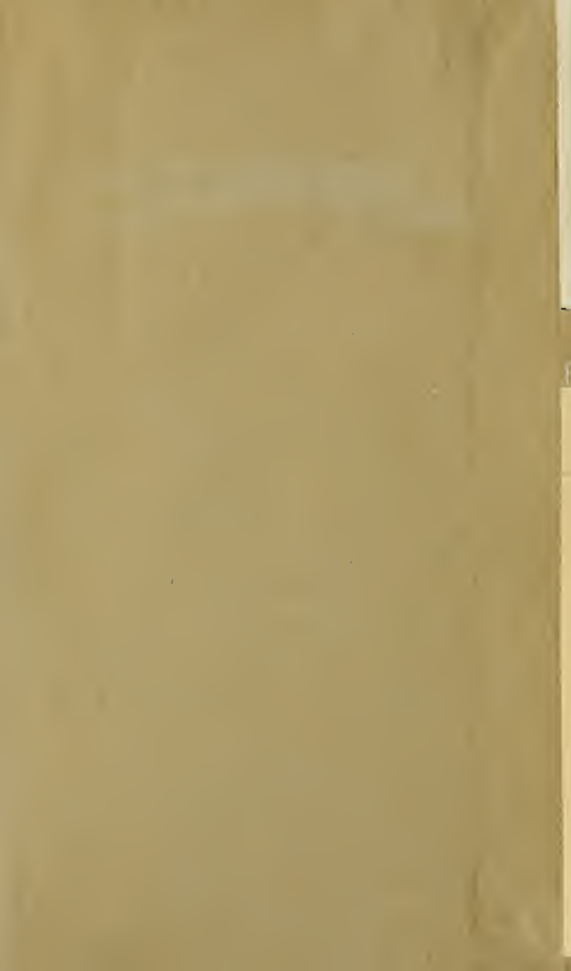
*Let nimble dances beat the ground,
Let tabor, flageolet, and fife,
Be heard from every bower;
Let the can go round:
What's the health?—long life
To the donor of the dower.*

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



See





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